

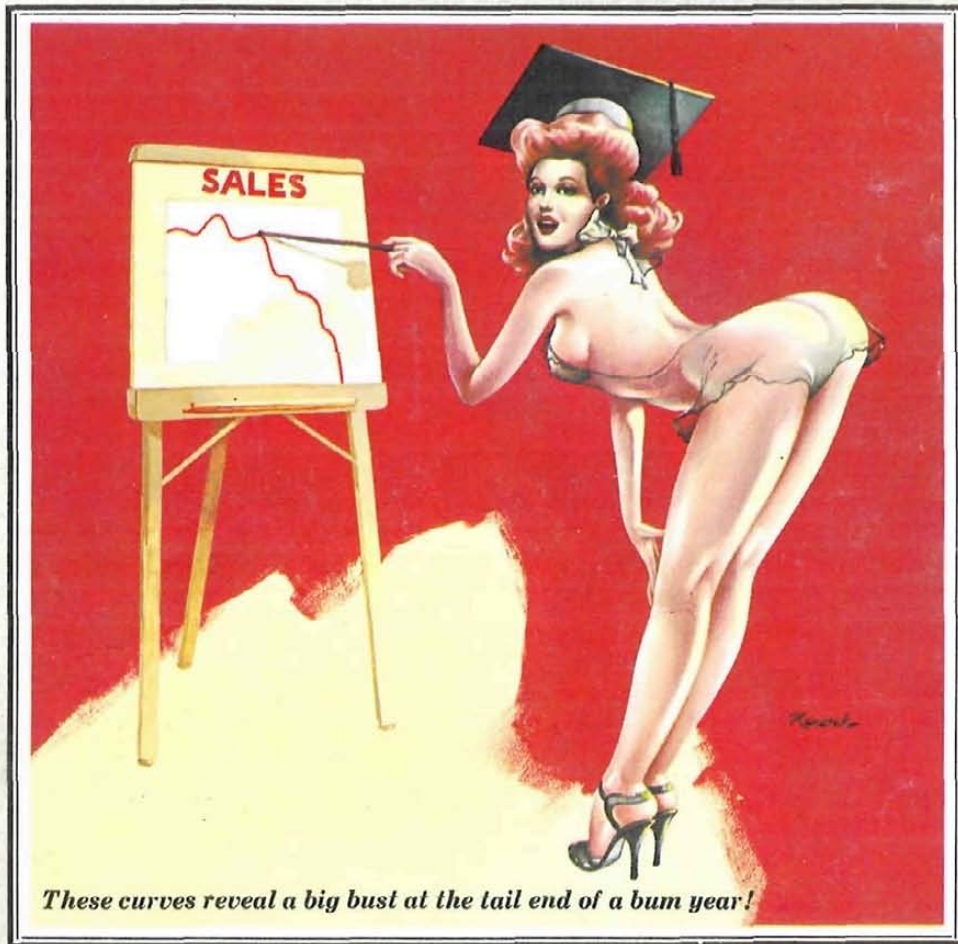
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EDITORIAL PAGE

Like every other inbred institution, magazine publishing has its own inane rituals, perpetuated over the treadmill of the months and years by no more urgent a force than blind inertia.

Foremost among these is the page, always up near the front of the "book" (magazine folk always confer the comforting permanence of the word "book" on their flimsy little gazettes), that is set aside for the editor to use as his personal vehicle—the verbal equivalent of the privilege of a company car. It is simply never considered whether the editor deserves or needs his semantic parking space, whether the readers clamor for it, whether it constitutes maximum utilization of the journal's precious pages. The editorial page is simply always there for the magazine's Mr. Big to use in any way he sees fit.

It's a sign of just how inane this ritual is that nobody is more baffled than the editor about the purpose of the page reserved specially for him. Few editors have any idea of what to do with the goddamn thing. Most leave the chore of writing it to the last possible moment. Unquestioning and unthinking and mired in the mental set that dictates an editor's page and has since magazine time immemorial, the poor nit is inevitably driven by the pressure of time and the paucity of real ideas into composing something shrill and/or contrived, and devoid of any conviction that this sermon was necessary. The plain and

simple truth is that if the magazine has done its editorial job elsewhere in the issue, an editorial page is superfluous. Whatever the editor wanted to be said has already been said in the body of the magazine; no need to appropriate a special page in order to restate it.

So it is with this issue of the *National Lampoon*. So perfectly conceived is its editorial corpus, so exquisitely balanced its mixture of wit and profundity, so self-evident its conclusions about the automobile and society and quo vadis homo sapiens on wheels, that this page becomes redundant. It only remains to render thanks where thanks are due to those whose towering talents made this so: to Ed Subitzky, Sean Kelly, Tony Hendra, Henry Beard, Brian McConnachie, Rick Meyerowitz, P.J. O'Rourke, Alan Rose, Doug Kenney, Ted Mann, Peter Kleinman, Gahan Wilson, Mark Hecker, Scott MacNeill, Liza Lerner, Louise Gikow, Karen Wegner, Michael Kanerak, Dick Frank, Emily Prager, and most of all to Bruce McCall, whose idea this issue was and whose unselfish contribution of time and effort has paid off in the only way a monthly magazine can pay off—in money.

Special Guest Star: Stan Mott, an ex-G.M. stylist who escaped to Switzerland, has sportingly reacted to our casual remark about reporting certain "irregularities" in his visa to the U.S. Customs and Immigration Depart-

ment by furnishing the article on page 57.

And now a few words from P.J. O'Rourke, who collects toy Nazi dump trucks. P.J.?

B. McCall

Special thanks for the cover of *Warm Rod Magazine* go out to the management of Raceway Park in Englishtown, New Jersey, and to all the fine folks down at Bob's Berserko Lounge ("It's weird"). And even more special thanks to Neil Mahr, Wayne Jesel, and Terry Clark, who hauled their umptity-thousand dollars worth of record-breaking race machinery out in the freezing rain so that you, Mr. Reader, could have a good, warm laugh. Neil's '27 T B/Street Roadster was built by S&W Speed Shop and painted by Circus Paint. The Jesel Brothers and Clark D/Altered Camaro was built by SRD Race Cars and painted by Jack Trost. Both are powered by Competition Machine Services-built 302 small block Chevys aspirated by trick Holley four-barrels, while the pushrods get their lift from Edelbrock and Hooker "takes out the trash," emissions-wise. These little honeys can pull down respective e.t.s of 9.67 and 9.87 for the quarter-mile, and you, Mr. Reader, can pull down your Farrah slacks and show us the lace trim on your lavender underpants because you haven't understood a word we've said for the past two sentences, have you, homo?

P.J.

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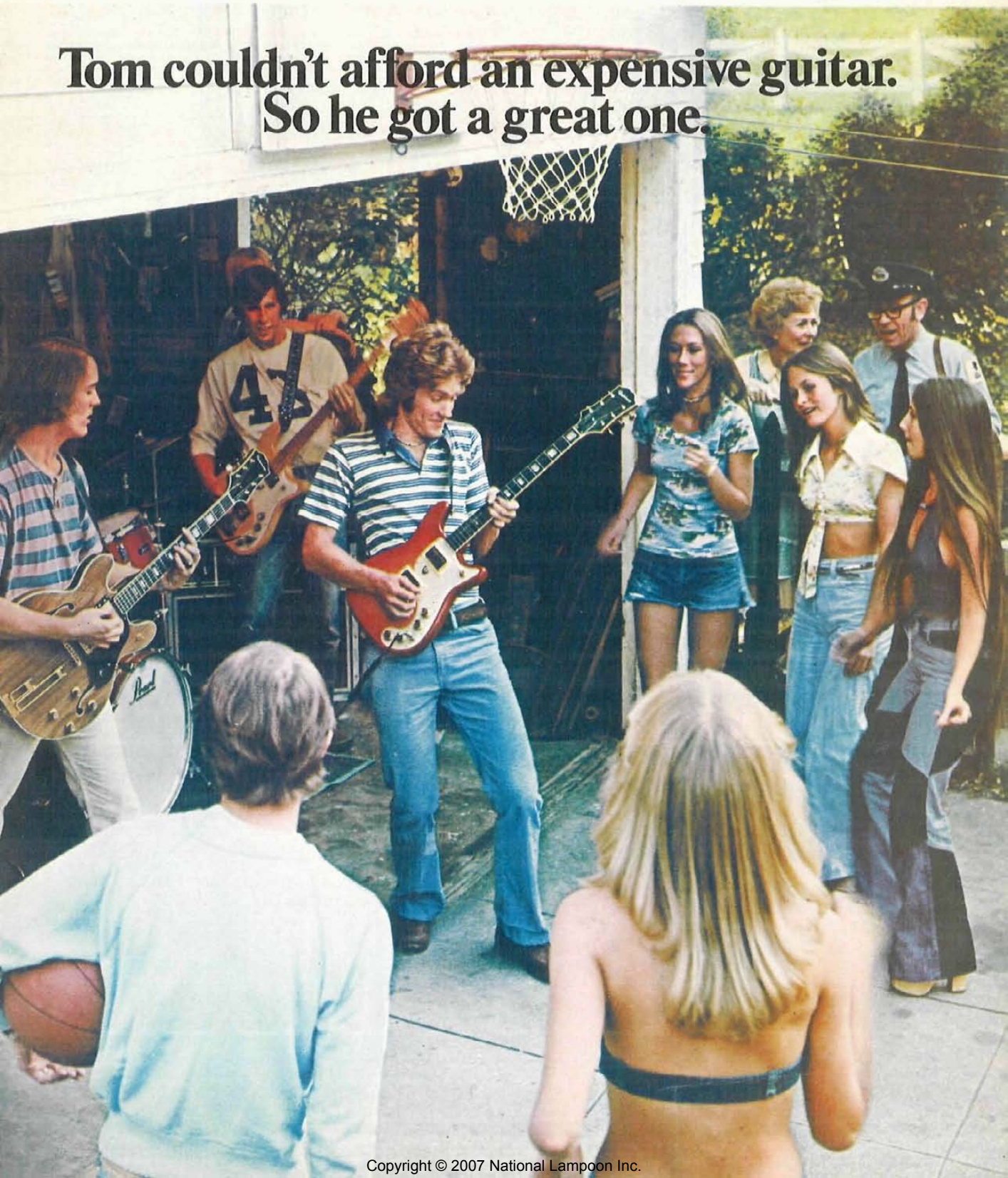
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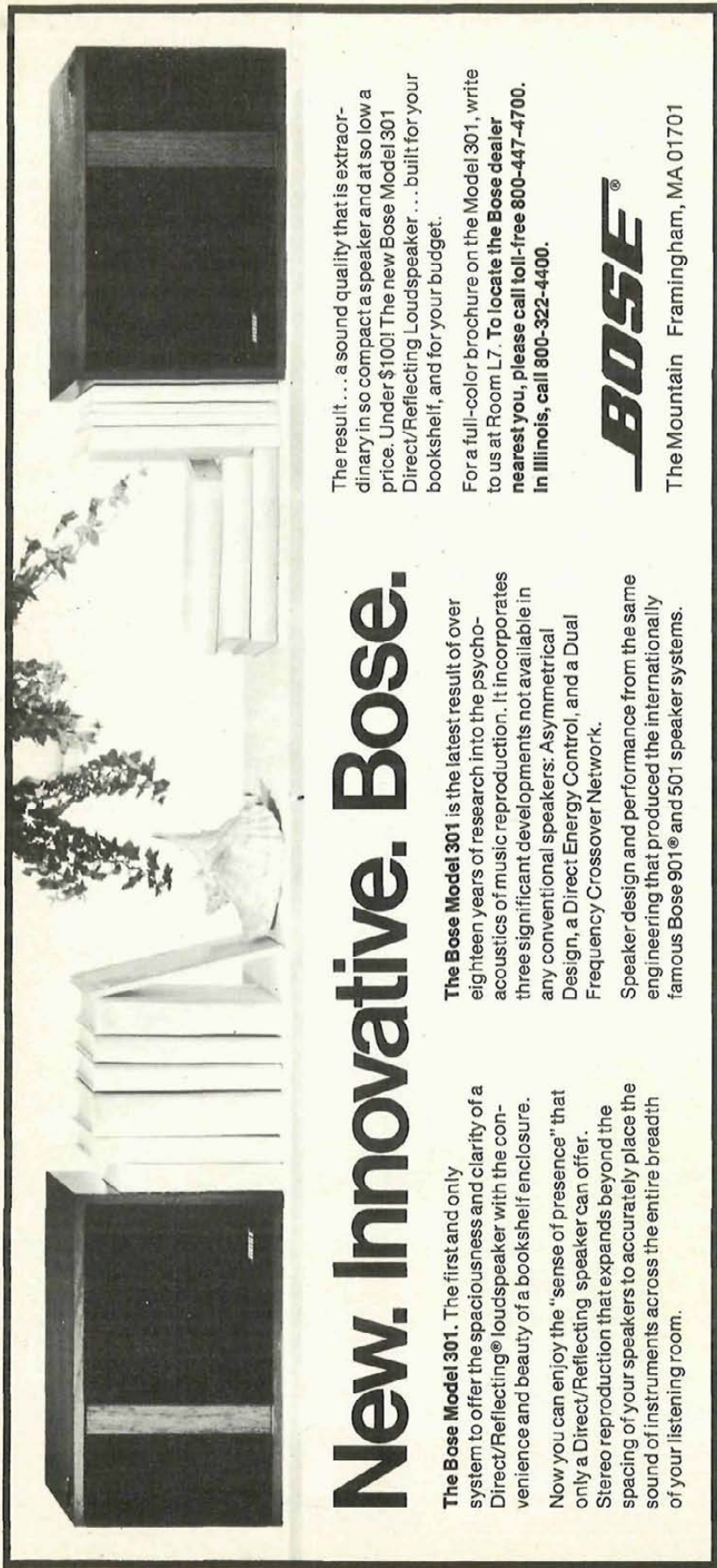
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Sirs:

A way out here they've got a name for rain and wind and fire. The rain is Tess, the fire is Joe, and they call the wind a filthy-mouthed little son-of-a-bitch. Maybe *his* problem is *colon breath*! Yes, it's a startling fact that over 100,000,000 million Americans are struck down by CB every sixty seconds. (*G-g-gaaaaagggghhhggghh!* There goes one now.) The symptoms? Look for telltale knotting of the lower bowel after mild bouts with sniffles, sneezes, snips, snails, chicken pox, and whooping cranes. Be warned, when your intestines get the heebie-jeebies, it's time for *Imbecile*, Parker Brothers' challenging new board game for the feeble-minded! Each player is given fifty credit markers, five "pass" cards, and a chance to spin the spinner. Now, spin it again! And again! The object of the game is to tiptoe out the door and lock it tight while that dullard in your family is occupied for up to *eight full days*! Remember, don't say "idiot," say, "Brother, you wanna coppa lidda dynamite no shit Guatamalan Red? S'only twenny a nounce, an I gotta whole key in my spice—er—luggage rack. Huh? *Two* lids? Sure, jus' gimme the bread and I'll go arounna corner an' get it. I'll be right back. You wait here. Trust me, man, really. Be back in a

Flash Gordon
Alamagordo, N. Mex.

Sirs:

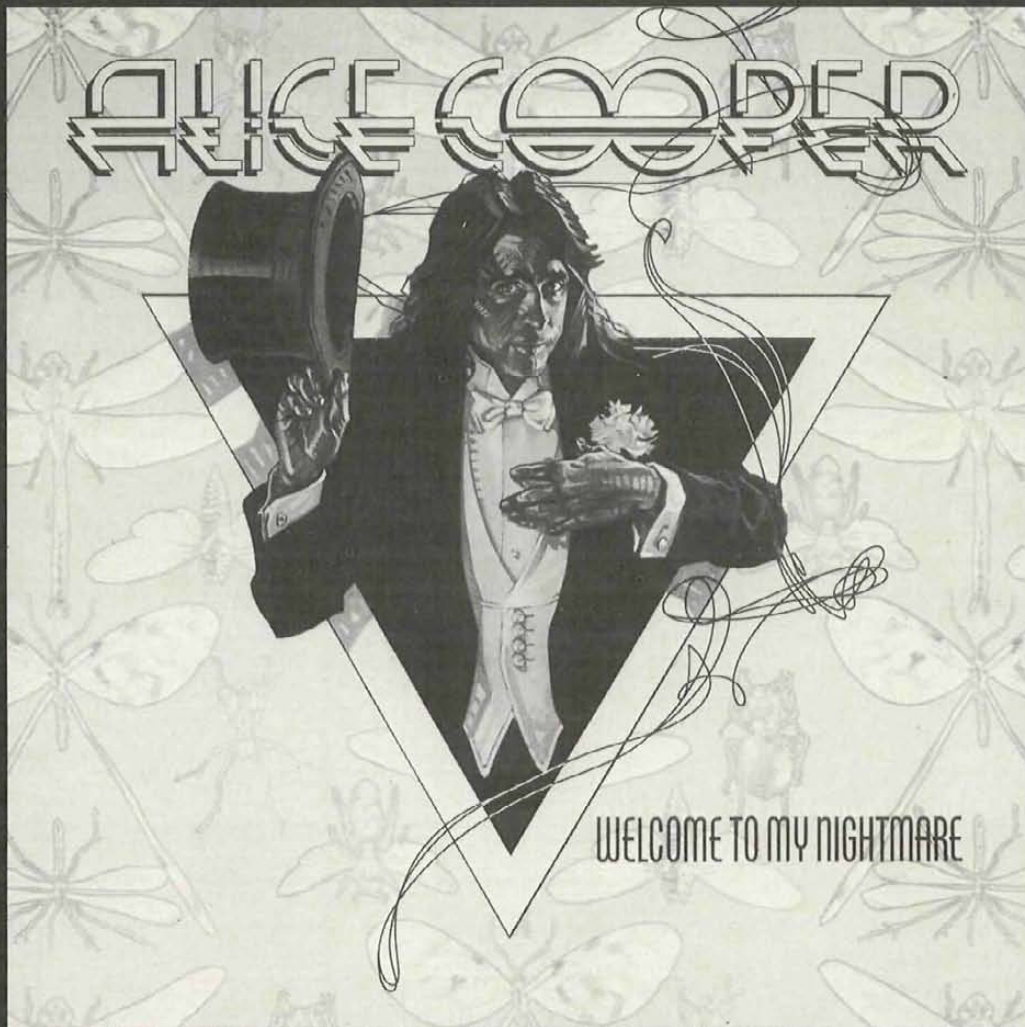
Do you realize that more people will read this letter than read the first edition of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*? This is not logical nor fair since what I'm writing is nowhere near as good as *The Tempest*, and in fact, I probably make more in a week than Shakespeare made in his whole god-damn life!

Now, here's my suggestion: Why don't you *Lampoon* guys publish one word from *The Tempest* in every issue so that William Shakespeare's wonderful masterpiece will finally reach the mass audience it deserves?

I suggest you keep the words in the same sequence that they were written in originally for added continuity. How about it, gentlemen?

Richard Chamberlain
Kooklafranan, Okla.

continued on page 18




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VOLUME 1, NO. LXI

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WE HADDA TO BE PREPARED, WITHOUIA SPECIFYING WHATTA WE MIGHTA DO, TO TAKA DA NECESSARY ACTION FOR OURA SELFA-PRESERVATION.



WE HAD DO BE BREBARED, WIDOUT ZHPECIFYING DWHAT DWE MIGHT DO, DO DAKA DHE NEZARY ACZTION VOR OUR ZHELF-PREZHERVATION.



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The recent public statements by Secretary of State Kissinger and President Ford in which they rather pointedly refused to rule out the use of force to guarantee oil supplies from the Middle East in the event that "actual strangulation" of the economies of the Western industrial nations was taking place caused considerable concern among many thoughtful people who felt that for the United States even to contemplate such an action would be to establish a dangerous precedent. Those fears were apparently justified. According to sources in the Department of Defense, a contingency plan, which calls for the landing of several airborne units in the French Bordeaux and Burgundy wine-producing regions to seize vineyards, wine presses, and caves, and thus insure the continued flow of this delicious and increasingly popular beverage to American tables, is currently undergoing "active study." American wine consumption has more than doubled in the last decade—at least partly because of the rising level of affluence in the U.S. and the resulting change in patterns of consumption from beer and malt beverages to wines—and American wine production, largely from California vineyards, has not kept pace. The northeastern United States in particular is dependent on European imports, and the sharp jump in French wine prices (from three dollars to ten or twelve dollars a bottle in the last few years for some popular brands) has caused severe hardship. There have been long-standing plans to develop alternate sources of wine for the American market, but the investments necessary to produce even a moderately drinkable table wine are staggering. New York State, for example, produces a variety of red and white wines, and it had been hoped that both the quantity and the quality could be dramatically increased by 1980, but experts admit privately that a pilot project to extract a cheap, medium-dry Riesling from Colorado oil-shale shows more promise.

Thus far, the Defense Department has consistently denied the persistent reports that the French wine operation is under consideration, but as an interesting postscript, several battalions of the second Marine division took part in an extensive series of war games in the Ernest and Julio Gallo vineyards near San Diego last February, during which the leathernecks "invaded" a mythical country dubbed "Chateaulandia."

The blue-ribbon Rockefeller commission formed to investigate the CIA recently appointed as its chief coun-

sel David Belin, the former counsel for the Warren Commission. The appointment was greeted with fulsome praise by Vice-President Rockefeller, who expressed the opinion that the considerable experience and the high reputation Belin gained investigating the assassination of President Kennedy would be invaluable in the inquiry into the "misdemeanor, missteps, and inappropriate actions" allegedly committed by the agency during the sixties.

Belin is said to be exploring the theory—thought to be widely held by the commission members—that the compilation of dossiers on Americans, the disruption of radical groups, the wiretapping and interception of mail, and the other patently illegal activities attributed to the CIA were all the acts of a single deranged individual acting alone. And although the search for what has come to be known as "the lone character assassin" is only a month old, a prime suspect has reportedly already been found—James Daniel Whittaker, thirty-nine, a minor code clerk in the agency's headquarters in Langley, Va. Unfortunately, Whittaker died recently—an apparent suicide, he shot himself sixteen times in the head with a hunting knife on February 14—but almost all of the 10,000 files amassed on U.S. citizens were found in his tiny cubicle, and through what one commission investigator described as "really an incredible stroke of good luck," Whittaker's fingerprints show up clearly on many of them because of an odd, superstitious habit he apparently had of touching an ink pad from time to time.

Time and motion experts hired by the Commission have made a study of the files, and they have come to the conclusion that Whittaker could have put them all together, by himself, over the seven-year period they were assembled, presuming that he completed one file every 117 seconds, a rate of speed that their interim report described as "impressive, but by no means unattainable." They also stated that continuously monitoring telephone conversations as he worked would not have interfered markedly with his efficiency, and that he would have had "adequate opportunity" to engage in the various other illicit operations attributed to the Agency without any assistance whatsoever if he slept an average of three and a quarter hours a night, a figure "well within the limits of human capacity." The case against Whittaker has been further buttressed, according to one source, by the discovery of a twenty-five-volume diary which, he said, "reads like a confession." Whittaker's wife Mary could perhaps have provided the unknown motivation for

her husband's mad acts, but in an ironic twist of fate, she died mere hours after her husband, the victim of a ruptured appendix suffered when she was run over in a boating accident.

Belin declined as a matter of policy to comment on any aspect of the investigation, but he seemed to be supporting the notion of one man acting alone when he remarked in a recent interview, "In these types of things, everyone is always looking for some kind of cloak and dagger conspiracy, with spies hiding behind rocks and all the rest of it. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred it turns out to be some daffy guy whose ma let him play with dolls too long, and it's my bet that's just what we've got here."

The precedent set by the assault charge brought in Minnesota against David Forbes of the Boston Bruins for having jabbed Henry Boucha in the eye in the course of a particularly violent hockey fight has, as many people involved in professional athletics feared, opened the floodgates to a whole wave of civil and criminal litigation in other sports.

In football, five linemen from the Pittsburgh Steelers have been accused of forty-five counts of assault for "premeditated" (as evidenced by the precision of the red-dog plays they employed) deckings of quarterback Archie Manning during games with the New Orleans Saints in the 1974 season. Meanwhile, quarterback Roger Staubach of the Dallas Cowboys has been sued by Lance Rentzel, his prime receiver, for breach of an implied contract—namely, Staubach's consistent failure to successfully pass the ball to Rentzel as he repeatedly stated he would do in front of nine witnesses in a number of huddles. Rentzel is seeking \$500,000 in damages for the salary raises and possible World Football League offers he failed to get as a result of the poor yardage record and numerous incompletions.

Chuck Foreman is being sued for negligence by his teammates on the Minnesota Vikings for the fumble that cost them the Super Bowl championship and over \$2 million in lost bonuses and product endorsement contracts. Nick Buoniconti has a \$500,000 libel suit pending against an NFL referee who charged him with a clipping infraction which a close examination on video tape footage of the play showed he clearly did not commit. In addition, the NFL as a whole has a total of \$150 million in insurance liability suits pending against it brought by players who suffered injuries in stadiums around the

country. And in a test case that could spell the end of professional football, the defensive squad of the Atlanta Falcons has taken the offensive squad of the Los Angeles Rams to court, charging them with criminal trespass for having entered their territory (in the case in question, all the way to the four yard line) without their consent.

In basketball, the Cleveland Cavaliers are suing the Chicago Bulls under the antitrust laws for effectively monopolizing the ball in games played with them over the last three years. They point to their consistent loss record and the disparity in points scored by the two teams as proof of a clear pattern of domination by the Bulls which has led to a serious reduction in effective competition for the league championship. The Cavaliers are seeking to have the Bulls broken up into two or three competing teams.

Also, John Havlicek of the Boston Celtics has gone to court to seek recovery of a basketball. It was taken from him at nine minutes and thirty-one seconds of the second quarter of a Celtics-Bucks game by a referee who claimed he was traveling. Havlicek doesn't dispute the call, but he insists that he was denied reasonable due process in that there was no hearing on the infraction during which he could have had an opportunity to state his case and be represented by

counsel.

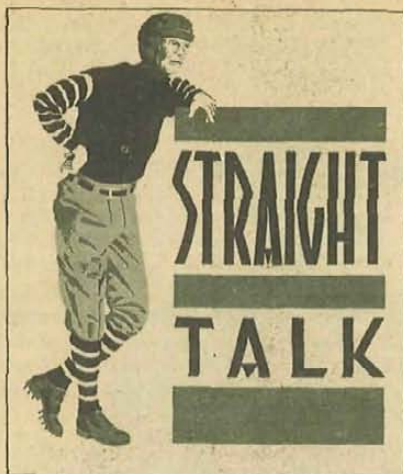
In baseball, no one has yet been charged with burglary for stealing bases, but the infield of the Oakland A's is facing conspiracy charges on a double play that cost the Los Angeles Dodgers the Series, and the Eastern Division championship may be refought in a courtroom if the St. Louis Cardinals go forward with their plan to bring a class action suit against the Pittsburgh Pirates. St. Louis is suing on the grounds that Pittsburgh pitcher Ken Brett had, in the bottom of the ninth inning of a crucial game between the two teams, fraudulently conveyed the baseball to Pittsburgh first baseman Bob Robertson, who proceeded to tag St. Louis runner Lou Brock, then leading off first base, Brett having previously indicated that he in fact intended to pitch the ball toward home plate.

In the course of a television interview with John Chancellor and Tom Brokaw of NBC, President Ford remarked, "It seems to me that we ought to try and give the South Vietnamese the opportunity through military assistance to protect their way of life . . . this is what we have traditionally done as Americans." He then announced that he would be seeking \$300 million in military aid for South

Vietnam. For those unfamiliar with geography, South Vietnam is a small Asian country located at the southeastern end of the Indochinese peninsula. For many years a French colony, Vietnam was divided into two at the Geneva Conference in 1954 following the defeat of the French army by the communist Viet Minh rebels at Dien Bien Phu. Under the accords signed by the belligerents, Vietnam was divided into two countries along the parallel—North Vietnam, the so-called Democratic Republic of Vietnam, which is a communist country, and South Vietnam, a democratic nation also known as the Republic of Vietnam. The South Vietnamese have been fighting for some years against a combined communist force consisting of irregular red guerrillas, supplied with Russian and Chinese weapons and supported by North Vietnam, called *Viet Cong*, and regular units of the North Vietnamese army which manage to slip into South Vietnam along a complex and practically invisible system of trails which weaves through neighboring Laos and Cambodia and into the south across its long, virtually indefensible northwestern border. Although the South Vietnamese army outnumbered the red forces by a margin of nearly four to one, the communists have used hit-and-run tactics, the natural cover provided by the heavily jungled terrain, the general discontent of the peasantry, and what many agree are far superior discipline and generalship to deal the South Vietnamese a series of increasingly serious defeats. However, the situation is said to be far from hopeless, and senior Pentagon planners believe that a sizable infusion of American military aid and equipment, supervised by some professional military advisers and, if absolutely necessary, followed by the commitment of a limited number of American troops, would quickly swing the balance in favor of the democratic south. Fears of becoming bogged down in a distant jungle war are groundless, according to senior military men, because American air power can always be brought to bear to force the North Vietnamese to cease their aggression by bombing their supply centers or possibly even attacking civilian targets to undercut the communists' morale and will to fight.

"What we basically have here is a situation in which just a little help will go a long way," commented one army general. "Right now, things look dark, but it is like being in a tunnel and just seeing the first hint of the light at the end that tells you you're coming to the end. Sure, it's gloomy in there, but you can see that bit of sun, and you know you're on your way out." □





The following is a transcript of a White House press conference given by President Ford on March 1 for no particular reason.

Members of the Press, networks, commentators, foreign correspondents, opinion-makers, White House watchers, writers for posterity, and so on—let me punt off by saying a very warm good morning to the both of you. As you know, I am prone to crack some little jokes before getting down to the business of making a fool of myself, and I frankly see no reason why this should be an exception where this excellent method of staving off the sweat-treatment is concerned. Unfortunately, my comedy consultant, Mr. William Buckley, was unable to come up with anything much except GOP elephant jokes and a bunch of lame puns about shooting Feisal in a barrel, but Nelson told me a real knee slapper. How do you know when the CIA has been in your fridge? Any hands? Okay. Answer: You don't. Thank you. Okay, over there sitting next to the Weatherman?

Q. Sir, almost all the proposals you made in your State of the Union and Budget messages have run into considerable opposition from the new Democratic Congress. Could you tell us what measure of success you anticipate in getting legislation passed on the Hill?

A. Let me first say that back in November, I warned that it was less important that the new Congress be veto-proof than that it be foolproof. And certainly as far as its response to me is concerned, it's shown itself to be one hundred percent foolproof. Seriously, though, I spent many many years in Congress for some reason, and I think I can safely say that I know Congress almost as well as the California Seals know their own goal area. And let me assure you it doesn't matter what happens in Congress. The only people you have to keep happy are the two or three thousand

men who run two-thirds of our economy. You can pass what you like, but if they don't like it, they just hire a couple more Hebe lawyers and carry on as if nothing had happened. What you need is someone who can sit down with these people, listen sympathetically to their problems, throw a little business their way when times are hard, stand them a free meal once in a while. A lot of these men went through the war together, you know, making themselves heroes to their stockholders, piling up killing after killing. Now nobody wants them. But someone's got to look after them—and I think I'm the man. I have a lot in common with these people—I'm old, I don't have any ideas, and no one elected me. So I say to Congress—before you start handing out small fortunes to every Negro and stiff who comes to the door with a gun or a fake limp, remember which side your bread is buttered on. As I said only last night, right here in the Ballroom at our annual Testimonial Dinner for Disadvantaged Oil Executives—here's champagne to our true friends and true pain to our sham friends. Yes?

Q. Sir, there are indications that whatever is being done, the depression is deepening. Nonetheless, your administration keeps denying there is one. Could you explain this?

A. I want to be quite frank with you about this question of the depression and my handling of it. There are no two ways about it—I am bad and I'm going to get worse. Much, much worse. One of the good things about a depression, however, is that the last thing people want to hear about is politics. It only makes them more depressed. So I figure the worse I can make this depression the less people are going to be able to face checking up on me. They'll just pop off to *The Towering Inferno* or jump off a ledge and forget the whole thing. And that, I think, is the right way to react. In these terrible times, the best thing all Americans can do is to take life less seriously. Except the CIA, of course. They can take life any way they want and wherever they deem fit.

Q. Sir, which section of the nation's economy would you say is in the most trouble?

A. That's a hard one. Of course, up to a while ago it looked like it was the auto industry, but luckily the rebate plan seems to have fooled people into buying their surplus junk without them having to rehire any of the workers they laid off, which would have spoiled the whole thing. Now what we need is rebate plans in other hard pressed areas of the economy such as little plastic bags, feminine hygiene sprays, and lawn ornaments. Without

rebates, these industries are going down the dumper. On the other hand, the last thing we need is rebates in another area that's supposed to be in trouble—food. You never have to persuade people to buy food. So what I would suggest here is that the public give the producer rebates on what they buy in the form of much higher prices. That way everyone will have less food and more little plastic bags and lawn ornaments. This was one of the reasons I feel that food stamps should cost more. Of course, I know it can't be very pleasant living on food stamps. Frankly, I can't imagine what they taste like in a soup or salad, although I often lick a few myself after lunch as a kind of dessert, but that's the price of being a Negro or having a lousy pension plan. All in all, though, if you were to ask me which part of our overall national picture was in the worst trouble, I would have to say you're looking at him. Yes?

Q. Will you run in '76?

A. Well, as we all know, thanks to Mr. Nader, when it comes to Ford it's less a matter of its running than when the engine becomes unhinged or the brakes fail. To be disarmingly candid with you, a lot of my friends, especially those in Michigan, have told me that the best thing I could run for in '76 would be the Canadian border.

Q. Sir, a number of the people involved in the Watergate scandal have taken to touring the college lecture circuit to give their version of the events, and commanding large fees. On some campuses, however, students have refused to pay for these lectures and the question of free speech has arisen. Could you comment on that?

A. Well, I must say that I think anyone such as Mr. Ziegler and others who like myself remained loyal to our fallen President should be allowed to present our side of the question, and should be paid for it. In my many conversations with Mr. Ziegler since last September, I have found his suggestions invaluable. Then again, I think these punk kids should realize that up to not very long ago, some of the most important men in the country would pay hundreds of thousands of dollars for just a couple of minutes of these people's time, and they're now asking them to give a two-hour speech for free. It's ridiculous. Yes, Mr. Hersh?

Q. Mr. President, do you have any reaction to the mounting evidence that the CIA conducted illegal domestic counterintelligence operations during the sixties and early seventies?

A. Well, I suppose the easy way out here would be to tell the truth, and say quite candidly that I have no re-

continued on page 15

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action to that whatsoever. (I find this to be the case with many such reports I receive and, believe me, you sleep a lot easier.)

However, since I can see that you're not going to let this one go, perhaps this reaction of mine Ron just handed to me might clear it up for all of us. It says here this is a three-fold problem. First there's the domestic problem. Rocky tells me, for example, that he's been seeking a bootblack for his chauffeur's butler all winter. Actually, I must have meant that as a joke and this CIA thing is really only a two-fold problem.

Secondly, the operation themselves. I think I can safely say that anything the CIA did definitely ran counter to intelligence. The agency, during the time in question, discovered a lot of intelligent people thinking intelligent things—things that ran counter to national security as well. This had to be stopped. So they simply used counterintelligence, or if you prefer, stupidity, to bring this nation through those desperate times into these.

And it worked. We all know that there's nothing too intelligent about an effete snob of the Kennedy mold—say, like yourself, Mr. Hersh—if he's looking down the business end of a silencer that makes a 30.06 hunting rifle sound like a squirrel fart.

Thirdly, as for the illegality of it, I cannot judge. This is a matter for the Supreme Court to rule on just as soon as Douglas croaks and I can stuff someone in there who'll make Burger look like a Berrigan brother. Yes, Dan?

Q. Could you explain, sir, why the appointees to the blue-ribbon CIA investigatory panel were almost all members of the defense establishment?

A. Now, that's an easy one. As you should know from your high school civics book, Dan, *everything* a good CIA does is secret. We can't let just anybody go thrashing through all that microfilm; otherwise they wouldn't be secrets anymore, if you follow. By appointing only folks who already *know* the secrets, we can restore public confidence in the CIA's other secrets—you know, the scary ones.

Q. But surely, sir, the purpose of the panel was to eradicate the atmosphere of secrecy?

A. Well, if it was, I haven't been told. Of course, *that* might be a secret, too—I'm not that hot on keeping them myself, as, for example, my deal with Dick. After all, America can't squander its limited reserves of secrets—particularly when the Soviets have so many more than the United States. Mr. Breshmog himself, for instance, has leukemia. Now why can't the

President have secrets like that? Heck, I don't even know if Betty has two months or two years and I run all the H-bombs. In theory, anyway. Over in the back. Mr. Robbins?

Q. Mr. President, Secretary Kissinger recently repeated that the United States might take military action against Middle East oil-producers if their policies resulted in a strangulation of industrialized nations. Can you tell us if you agree and under what conditions this might occur?

A. Well, let me say, in answer to the first part of your highly embarrassing question, that when it comes to date-munchers, you don't disagree with Hank. As I was saying just this morning to whoever's in charge of the economy this week: You know how to make a Nazi cross? Kick him in the policies, that's how. Then again, if Nancy's on the rag, Hank starts blaming the whole world—like when he purposely pissed on the Shah of Iran's best carpet because Nancy had a sore fetlock.

Secondly, when it comes to broiling Arabs, I must repeat that under my policy of decentralization, I feel the State Department should take full responsibility for more of these split-second decisions and inform me if, and only if, one of those decisions is headed for Washington so I'll have time to sprint for the helicopter.

And fourthly, I have nothing further to say about those other two or three points.

Q. But sir, certainly you can't just turn a blind eye to a decision as sensitive as invading the Middle East?

A. Oh? Well, you better take another think, pal. All I, or anyone, knows is if the Dow Jones falls below 500, those Arabs'll be picking their face out of the sand, rug or no rug. Yes, Mr. Growland?

Q. Mr. President, what is the long-range purpose of your proposed tax rebate? What do you see this doing to the economy?

A. This program, which I'm still sort of in the dark about but that Bill Simon said we should steal from the Democrats before they get all the credit, is designed to pump a shot in the arm through the back doors of spiraling inflation. As far as I can figure out, the more money you pay in gasoline taxes, the less gas you use and the more money you get back to spend on things like little plastic bags, lawn ornaments, and feminine hygiene sprays.

To illustrate, say someone like myself pays \$30,000 in taxes—or would if he didn't have teams of government accountants working for him—well, I'm going to give me \$3,000 cash to

recycle into the economy, while someone who pays little or no taxes, legally, that is, like say your Negro, would only squander the money he won't get on food and clothing. That swell oil tax will also make driving and utilities more expensive as well, which means there'll be less Negroes on the streets and on the telephone—which in turn will mean fewer highway fatalities, a reduced rate of honking in our cities, and fewer delays in calling the police.

I should add that under this program, the Vice-President would be entitled to some \$200,000 on the more than \$2,000,000 in taxes he didn't pay last year, but that he has generously declined this amount provided he can have the rest of Venezuela.

All in all, I think you'll agree that this program can reinvigorate our economy in those vital areas such as feminine hygiene sprays, lawn ornaments, and little plastic bags which are now enjoying the terrible slump which must be rooted out and rekindled by its bootstraps, stamped on and blocked hard and low lest we lose sight of the *Time-Life* researchers such as the ones I see down there in the front row with their liberated lifestyles and both nipples. Yes, Mr. Thompson?

Q. Sir, it has been observed that since your inauguration, you appear to be handled by some public relations service whose apparent intention is to present you to the American people as a potato. Can you comment on this?

A. Let me try and answer this "trick" question as cleverly as I know how. From the moment it became clear that my great predecessor was to be unfairly hounded from office in totally deserved disgrace, I decided I would present myself to the American people watching me on the other end of this big metal gismo and all those suave foreigners as something familiar, friendly, and basic—in short, a potato.

Accordingly, I turned, as I always do in every situation short of putting one foot in front of the other, to the Vice-President. In the course of a vigorous heart-to-heart with him and the aid of some invigorating little pills he carries, he convinced me that I was already, without the help of some New York aviator-glasses high-heeled creampuff, a bona fide vegetable. Or more precisely, tuber.

And in that role I am willing to go to the ends of the earth to bring peace to the planet. I am even willing, if necessary, to stay there. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you very much. Thank you. Look, I've got to, thank you, but really—thank you—got to—oh, forget it. And thank you. □

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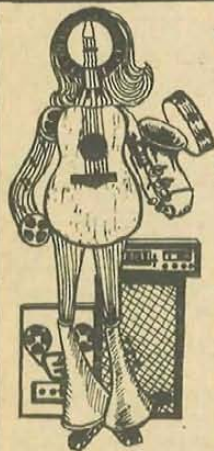


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• A complaint has been registered in Turkey that a map of North America shown on Turkish television looks so much like a profile of Lenin that it constitutes Communist propaganda.

The state-owned Turkish Radio and Television network said that an unidentified citizen made the complaint to the public prosecutor and an official inquiry was in progress. The map was used as part of a backdrop for newscasts.

Communist propaganda is illegal in Turkey. *New York Post* (Pat Carlin)

• After an eighteen-month study, the British Academy of Sciences has recommended to Parliament that British rock stars be prohibited from selling their semen to commercial sperm banks.

The Academy feels that restrictions are necessary because it fears that a lack of control in this area could lead to a "sperm bank pop star war."

The scientists fear that such rock idols as Mick Jagger, Paul McCartney, or David Bowie might sell their sperm to the banks, which in turn would advertise—marketing it to thousands of groupies who want to become pregnant. The Academy is not opposed to thousands of Mick Jagger offspring, but it is concerned about what might happen when the children grow up. They could end up marrying one another without knowing that they have the same father. This is incest, the Academy warned—and it could lead to genetic problems in the future.

The Academy's report has been turned over to the House of Commons for further investigation. *UMKC University News* (R. Hayslett)

• In order to create the base of the perfume Chanel No. 5, cats must be tortured, according to Jacques Leal,

chairman of Chanel Ltd., of London. The perfume's base is "the sweat of a whipped Abyssinian civet cat," he explained.

M. Leal revealed the "ancient technique" used to collect the sweat: "The cat's head is put in a sort of torture chamber—the head is whipped, the cat gets mad, and it gives off a glandular secretion." *Newsletter/Environment* (Iowa City) (S. Olderr)

• For two years, mental patients in an English hospital were given shock treatments on a machine that didn't work. The defective machine was finally discovered when a new nurse on the staff noticed that the patients receiving the treatments were not twitching.

The problem began when the hospital's old shock treatment machine was replaced with a new, improved model, with dials and lights and switches for different wave forms. A doctor who was first involved with the new machine said that the red light went on and the needles moved as they were supposed to, but he noticed that the patients were not twitching as they had under the old machine.

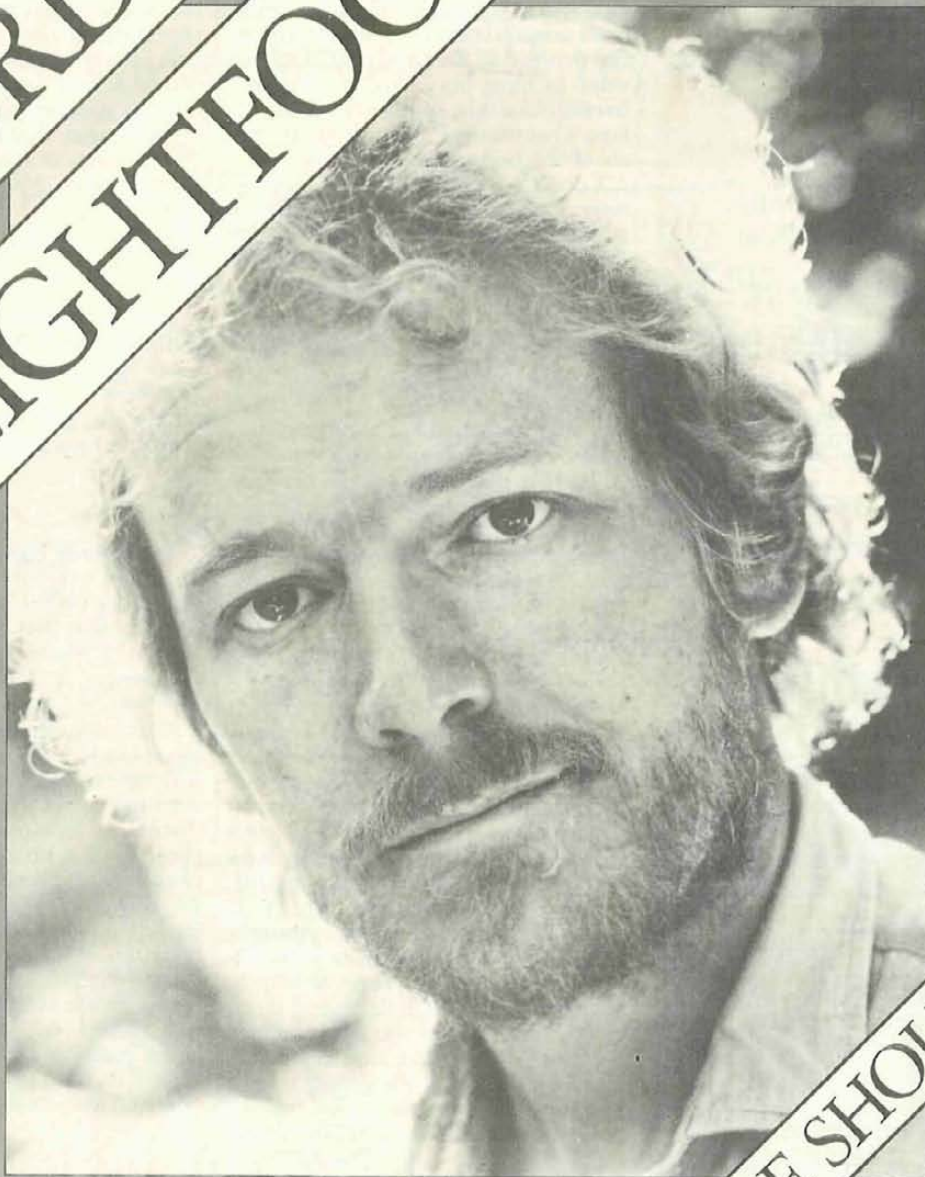
He asked if the machine was working properly and was assured by the head nurse that it was, that it was a type of machine that did not produce any reactions in the patients, according to the machine's instructions. The doctor checked the instructions, which seemed to confirm the nurse's opinion. "We used the apparatus for two years with no complaints from the patients," he said.

Then a new head nurse took over and declared that the machine was not working. She was told that patients were not supposed to twitch while under treatment from this type of machine. "Look," she said. "I've just come from a hospital with a machine just like this, and they twitch, all right."

According to the doctor who worked with the machine, the problem also raised the question about whether electric shock treatment really did patients any good. He said that the patients seemed to benefit as much from being put to sleep in preparation for the shock treatment, with anesthetics, as other patients did from the shock treatments themselves. *Cleveland Plain Dealer* (R. Koluts)

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All I had to do was send in my money and I would get twelve of the most famous condoms around! And in the privacy of my own mail! I didn't want to blow my chances on a real bargain like this, so I sent in nine dollars. That means I'm gonna get thirty-six of the best condoms around!

I don't want to be greedy, but you never know if a gutsy offer like this is gonna be repeated, ya know. Thanks for stickin' your necks out for little pigmeats like me.

"The Big Dripper"
Frigin, Pa.

Sirs:

It may interest you to know that the letters *n, a, t, i, o, n, a, l, l, a, m, p, o, o,* and *n*, spelled out and transliterated by means of numerology, add up to no less than 666, that is, six hundred three score and six—the number of the Beast of Revelation! It is further stated in *Holy Scripture* that the *Unholy* shall bear the *Number of the Beast* on the *Forehead* and the *Right hand*.

Now. Open this magazine up and spread it out. Look at it like it were a person you were looking at. Okay. The cover of the magazine is on your left, which is the magazine's *right*. It is the *right hand* of the magazine! And printed, in large block letters, on that right hand, are those very letters that add up to you-know-what. Now for the forehead of the magazine. Your forehead is where your brain is, and your brain is where everything is *organized*. And a magazine's organization is its contents page. So flip to the contents page. On that page, down in the corner where you might miss it entirely if you didn't look sharp, are those same letters! Repeated, in this instance, not once, but *nine times!!!*

Who do you guys think you're kidding?

Joe Montini
Vatican City

Sirs:

Now you've gone too far! Sure, I know that you pull off shitloads of phony ads, but there is a limit. I sent in for some of those rubbers that you're always advertising because I'm tired of all the giggling at the pharmacy. One month later I receive through the mail a handful of rubber bands and a pencil, with no instructions on how to use them. Furthermore, you cashed my check and the pharmacist is still giggling at me.

Aleister Crowley
Littal, Wales

Sirs:

Do you know what I think the worst thing about capital punishment is? It doesn't last long enough to give those rotten Commie cocksuckers and sex offenders the kind of pain they really deserve. I mean, "zap" and they're dead . . . what is that! I think they should bring back the pillory where the criminal is tied up and put on public display for three or four days and people can go up to him and do whatever they want to him, like make him eat garbage or wear a lady's hat or put things up his nose. *Then* they should execute him by having Bella Abzug sit on his face and smother him.

José de Jesus
San Juan, Puerto Rico

Sirs:

When your friends ask you over to join their table, does she pick that far away booth for two? Well, sirs, here's just how it stands: You've got romance on your hands, because the lady's in love with you.

Tony Bennett
Metro, Cal.

Sirs:

I was going to write you a story on my father's recent burial, but it wasn't much of a plot! I know a million Hot Fudgies like that.

Morey "Boogers" Budnicki
Tummysuckers, Mich.

Sirs:

While recording Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, a funny thing happened. Just as we reached the choral part, something went wrong in the studio. Technical problems. The men in the choir took a break, went to the bar next door, and proceeded to get drunk, for heaven's sake. When they came back, they were falling all over the place, knocking things over and everything. We had to tie the sheet music to the music stands—and even then, two singers fell down and went to sleep. So there I was in the bottom of the ninth, with the basses loaded, two out, and the score tied.

Leonard Bernstein
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The letter originally scheduled for this space has been stolen. If you want to see it again, place \$50,000 in fives and tens under third base at Busch Stadium.

Lou Brock
St. Louis, Missouri

Sirs:

Here's another one I just cooked up:

I knew a girl who was a beautiful blonde. Unfortunately, however, she was only blonde in one eye!

Can I have a job?

Morey again

Why we call him Big Mama John.

There we were, sitting around in a circle at John's place, when Marsha said "Hey, let's do something different tonight."

Quicker than you could say ————— "John was at the sink with this huge pitcher. We watched silently as first he poured in 2 cups of Jose Cuervo Tequila and then added 2 cups of Triple Sec and a cup of lemon juice.

"What's that?" Billy whispered.

"That's a Margarita, son. But instead of making ten little ones I just made me a Big Mama Margarita."

We all passed the pitcher around. But when it came back to John there was no more left. So he had to make another batch.

And that's why we call him Big Mama John.



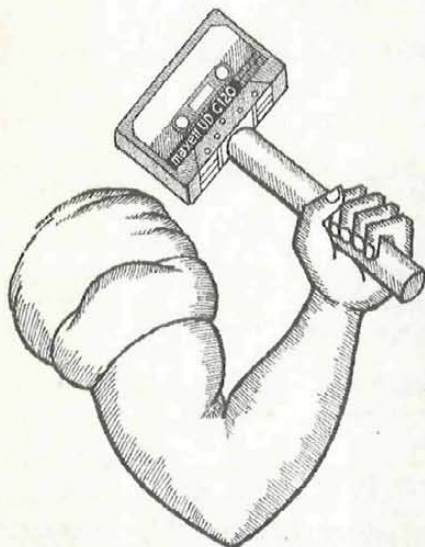
← Big Mama John

← Big Mama Margarita



OUR 120's WORK

Try them and see.
Buy two. Get the third
one, free!



The trouble with most 120 minute cassettes is that they break. Or they jam. Or they stretch into distorted uselessness.

On the other hand, you can use a Maxell Ultra Dynamic or Low Noise cassette and forget about these problems.

We combine pre-stretched "tensitized" tape with the most precisely engineered cassette shells made. You get reliable performance, and the highest quality sound.

The Ultra Dynamic UDC-120 plays back every tone the very best equipment can record. The Maxell Low Noise cassette shell is just as strong. It sounds almost as good and it costs less.

If any Maxell 120 cassette fails, we'll replace it. But we don't think we'll have to.

Our Buy Two, Get Three offer is available from March 15 to April 30, 1975.

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at home.



Often when we're out dining with someone, or spending weekends at his or her home, or simply sampling his or her cellar, the question has arisen, "Why is it that *National Lampoon* doesn't have a review column?" Our answer to our hosts has always been that such a feature might smack of "crass commercialism," especially in those highly infrequent but nonetheless critical occasions when a personal gift *might* be construed as a *quid pro quo* for a favorable review.

Over the years, however, we have come to reconsider this decision, in the light of well-taken and well-justified criticism from all quarters that our publication has an overall "negative" tone. And there is, after all, much that is "positive" that should be said about the sundry pleasures the flesh is heir to: Upon precious little examination, we find quality all around us, particularly in such crucial fields as theater tickets, quality liquor, cruises, the long-playing recording and hardback publishing industries, haute cuisine, the arts, and household utensils. Herewith, then, the first of what we hope will prove to be a long and fruitful series of columns.

In recent months, we have observed a tendency—at least among the younger crowd in trend-setting New York—away from illegal substances such as cannabis sativa, lysergic acid diethylamide, members of the genera *erythroxyloaceae* and *lophophora*, amphetamines, etc., and towards the more genial pleasures of the hop, the grape, and the distillery. At the same time, however, the taste for things exotic which led so many to experiment with drugs lingers on. Thus, we find considerable enthusiasm for beverages originating in Old Mexico—or as we have chosen to dub it, "South of the Border"—most especially for that delicious nectar known as *tequila*.

The ethics of our chosen profession, which are many and stringent, forbid us to praise in this space the products

continued

Innovation!



The Mark VIII FM Digital Tuner perpetuates SAE's leadership in FM digital tuners established by the SAE Mark VII. Features include: A quartz-crystal-referenced digital readout using an L-E-D display; P-L-L (phase-locked-loop) multiplex; a five gang, MOS-FET front end, linear-phase monolithic IF filters; no-thump F-E-T muting and switchable de-emphasis for use with special noise reduction systems. We invite you to audition the Mark VIII from SAE—where innovation is a tradition.

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for the
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Please rush free information on the Mark VIII
by return mail.

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Address _____

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State _____

Zip _____

WITH EACH NEW ALBUM, IT WAS A DIFFERENT DYLAN. AND THE QUESTION WAS ALWAYS POSED: WHICH IS THE REAL ONE? BUT OF COURSE THEY ALL WERE REAL. THEY WERE FILLED WITH THE TRUTH. BUT WHO WAS THE MAN WHO MADE THEM?

WE STUDIED HIS ENIGMATIC PHOTOGRAPHS, BUT THERE WERE NO CLUES IN THAT BRITTLE STARE. IN HIS INTERVIEWS, HE PUT US ON. IN HIS FILM, HE PUT US DOWN. HE WAS KING OF BAD BOYS, AND HE WAS ALWAYS IN IMPERIAL SECLUSION.

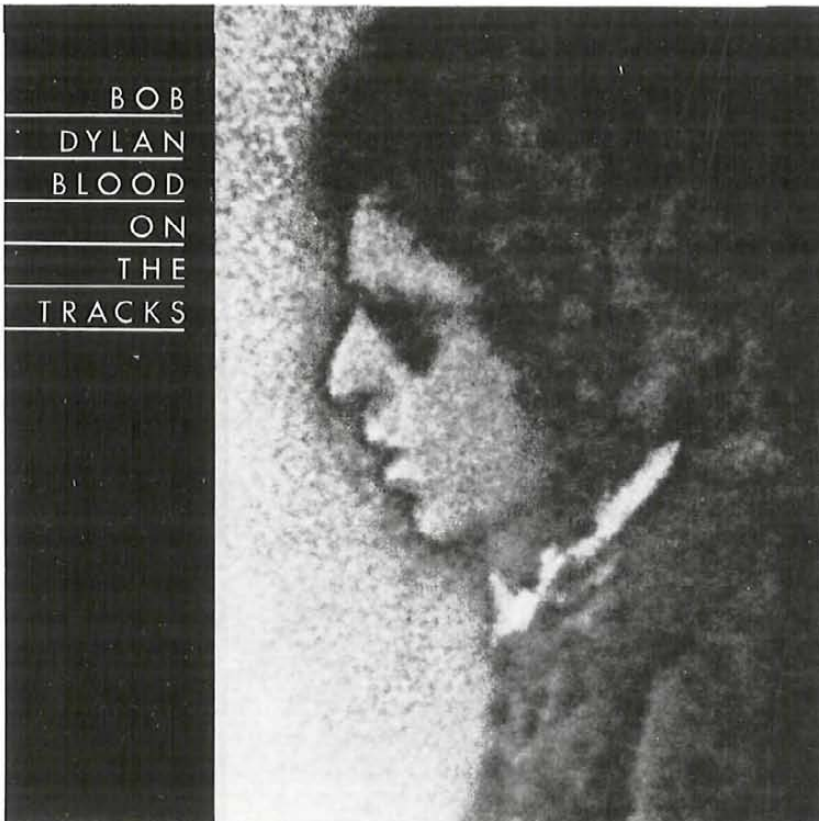
EVERY SO OFTEN HE'D COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS IN SOME BOLD NEW INCARNATION: WOODY G. DYLAN, COWBOY BOB, WOODSTOCK BOB, THE LEGEND-KILLER, THE LEGEND. AND THEN HE'D DISAPPEAR AGAIN.

NOW, SUDDENLY, HERE'S THIS STARTLINGLY EXPOSED FIGURE STANDING IN THE SUNLIGHT. COULD THIS BE "THE REAL BOB DYLAN"? WE STILL CAN'T KNOW.

BUT WE DO KNOW THERE'S SOMETHING PROFOUNDLY DIFFERENT ABOUT THIS ALBUM.

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT CHANGE HAS COME ABOUT IN DYLAN'S LIFE. MAYBE EVEN HE DOESN'T. IN ANY CASE, HE ISN'T SAYING.

BUT THERE'S EVIDENCE. AND YOU CAN JUDGE FOR YOURSELF.



ON COLUMBIA RECORDS  AND TAPES

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continued

of our advertisers. Were this not the case, we would rhapsodize over the splendors of José Cuervo, some tastefully designed bottles of which materialized, as if by magic, some weeks ago in our offices.

Discriminating New Yorkers need not be reminded of the epicurean delights offered by The Ginger Man (64th between Central Park West and Broadway). Host and owner Mike O'Neal has been known to join inebriated gourmets of the "fifth estate" persuasion at their table, and, with a wink of his twinkling Irish eye, rid them of anxieties about *l'addition*. Would that we could similarly praise other wining and dining establishments on the fashionable West Side in future columns.

Many of our fellow scribblers, when we meet them at the charming Green Man Pub (56th between Park and Lex), where the words "on the house" mingle with much delightful conversation, have sung the glories of the recent film, *Tommy*. Promoters and publicists for the screen musical seem to have been selectively generous with preview ducats. We ourselves have been unable to obtain tickets to the movie in question, and can but assume that it is a piece of shit. We must regretfully recommend to our many and loyal readers that they regard it likewise, until further advised by us.

Likewise, it would have seemed a natural thing for United Artists to have invited to a performance of their film biography of Leonard Bruce the people whom the *New York Post* referred to as "the heirs of Lenny," if for no other reason than out of respect for their putative father. The only explanation for this "oversight" we can imagine is that U.A. has something to be ashamed of, but, as always, we remain open to being persuaded otherwise.

Next on the list is the superb album just released by Led Zeppelin. This masterpiece, whose name escapes us for the moment, is without doubt the *chef d'oeuvre* of Mr. Zeppelin, fusing as it does the restless searching of the sixties with the profound stoicism of the seventies, and establishing once and for all not only his hegemony over all contenders, past and present, from the Beatles to the Burritos to the Band, but also reaffirming the supremacy of his colleague Mr. Jimmy Page, beside whose genius the demented riffs of an Eric Clapton are simply laughable. That, as least, was the opinion of Mr. Page, and we see no reason to open the copy he presented us with in order to confirm it; if his taste in songs is anything like his taste in wine and women, fans have nothing to fear. *Non caveat emptor*, as it were.

We'll be back next month with more "brickbats and bouquets"; the fewer "brickbats" the better, of course, as we would prefer to devote ourselves to praise of people, places, products, and productions we can honestly testify to having enjoyed.

Since it is vitally important that we suffer no hint of dishonesty, no tinge of subjectivity, no whisper of scandal, we must insist that none of our friends, old or new, send tickets, samples, invitations, bottles, automotive products, favor-carrying young ladies, cash, cocaine, or household utensils in quintuplicate (there are five editors) to 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, care of this column.

T.H., S.K.

SUBTERRANEAN SCUMBO

YOUR NAME HERE! \$5.00 TO "SCUMBO" NATIONAL LAMPOON (CASH ONLY)

FEATURING **A GREAT SALAD!!**

PHIL HAD THIS YESTERDAY!
 "I put an artichoke, anchovies, some good cheese and hearts of lettuce into a bowl. Then I got Flo, my girl-friend, to lie down under the glass-top table, and jerk off while I ate it and watched the basketball game."

LOOK! IT'S THE "SICK SQUAD!" THEY CAME AND TOOK PHIL AWAY!

WHY DID I DO IT?

Next: A Great Cake!

PLO

McClelland 2-75

Get off on the DOUBLE

© 1975 robert burton assoc., ltd.

Why take the time to roll with two papers, and lick twice for one smoke? With double-width e-z wider you roll *one*, lick *once* and you're off! There's no faster, easier way to get where you're going. And there's no better gummed paper made. So roll with e-z wider and get off on *the double*.

If you think there's a cassette or cartridge better than Columbia's we'll buy it for you.

Just try a new Columbia tape. If you still like your old tape better, return the Columbia tape to us, and we'll send you the one you prefer. Free.

Our problem

Most people who buy recording tapes are pretty happy with what they're using. So it's hard for someone with a new tape—even someone with all the experience in music and electronics that Columbia has—to get people to try it. Regular advertising just won't work.

We realized we'd have to come up with a really unusual introductory offer. To really challenge people to try our new FAIL-SAFE cassettes and cartridges. To see that they really are better than other tapes.

Our offer

1. Buy a new Columbia cassette or cartridge in any length you like.

2. Try it out. Record on it. Compare it to the tape you've been using. TDK, Memorex, Scotch. Any iron oxide tape.

3. If you're happy with Columbia, fine. You've bought yourself a great new tape. And we hope you'll keep buying Columbia.

4. But, if for any reason you're not satisfied with the Columbia tape, send it back to us. With your receipt, no more than 30 days after you bought it, and include a label from the tape you prefer. Your only cost is 50¢ for postage and handling.

5. We'll send you the tape you prefer. In the same length as the Columbia tape you returned.



Our experience

We don't think we're taking much of a chance with this offer. And we don't think we'll be sending out many TDKs, Memorex, or Scotches. Because while you may have never seen one of our blank tapes before, we're not exactly newcomers to the recording business.

We've made hundreds of millions of pre-recorded tapes over the years. For our own record label, and even for a lot of our competitors. And through that experience we learned a lot about sound quality and product reliability that helped us develop the best blank tape for home recording. With more highs and lows.

Without fuzzing or blurring the sounds. Without jamming in any kind of tape deck in any kind of weather. And with unique features that make recording a pleasure. Like our ConvertaQuad cartridge that works automatically on stereo or 4-channel. And extra adhesive labels to retitle your tapes when you re-record.

Our challenge

If you think there's a tape that's better than ours, it's because you just haven't tried ours. Columbia Magnetica, CBS, Inc., 51 W. 52nd St., N.Y. 10019.



We want to change your mind

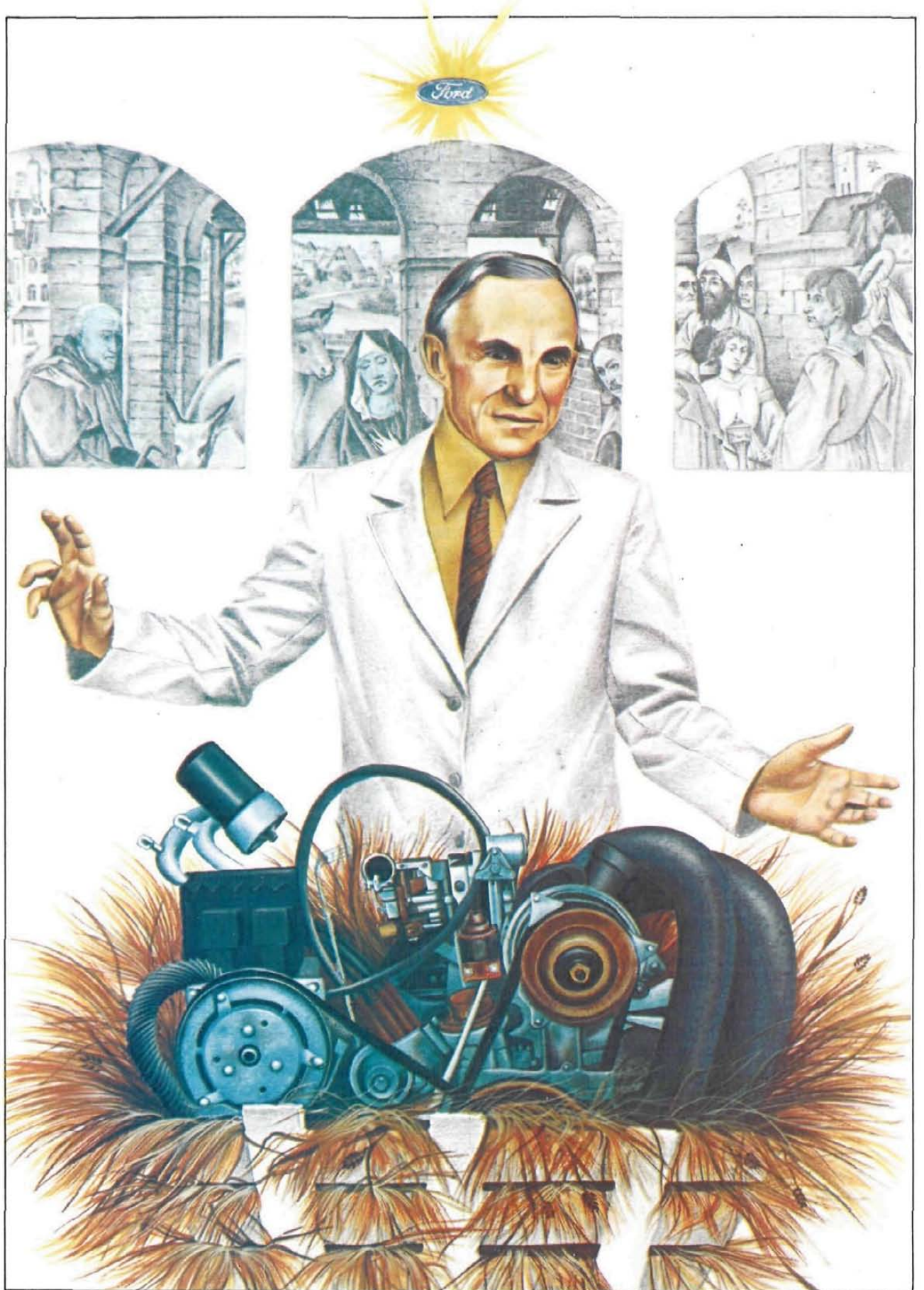


Illustration by Melinda Bordeleon

Henry Ford's Diaries

by
Doug Kenney
and
Ted Mann

Henry Ford (1863–1943) has been described as the Father of the American Automobile, and with good reason: He was. His leading role in the development of the automotive industry—an industry dramatically described in recent bestsellers *The Betsy and Wheels*—put him at the forefront of a handful of men who

literally invented the business of, literally, making automobiles. Hello? Accordingly, the National Lampoon is particularly pleased to present the following excerpts from the Ford Motor Company's soon-to-be-published *Diaries of Henry Ford* (Random House, 15 pages; \$8.95 softcover).
The diaries, while often amounting

to a few lines scribbled on the back of an oil-spotted invoice, reveal a man who has been variously described as “the Christ of American capitalism” and “a withered-up old anti-Semitic scumbag.” Who is to say Henry Ford was one or the other? Dave Chevrolet or Nat Lampoon, possibly?

—Ed.

December 26, 1873

Real cold today. Tried out my new dogracer, but the ice on the road to town was double-slick, so Tyke couldn't go (no traction) or stop until we met Mrs. O'Hooligan from behind and her eggs.

Had to stay in the rest of the day (Mrs. Hooligan told) so I tried Ma's wool-carders on Tyke's paws.

Later we snuck out when Pa got into a boil with Uncle Tom the hired man on whether General Grant had been tugging on the jug at Cold Harbor. Pa said General Grant wasn't and Uncle Tom said he has a missing foot that says he was.

Anyway, the wool-carders worked spiffy for awhile. Then the rear ones slipped off and we fishtailed into the crossroad and Mrs. O'Hooligan's second trip to the egg-depot.

Have to figure out how to keep the wool-carders on Tyke's paws. Maybe nails?

December 27, 1873

Nails didn't work too good. Pa made me clean out Mrs. O'Hooligan's two-holer for the busted eggs and I found some practically straight three-pennies in her loose boards. But Tyke didn't think they fit and Mrs. O'Hooligan's third basket went down her chimney when he said no.

In the coal bin where I have to stay after Pa came home I have been reading my new issue of *Boy's Own Annual*. There are some sockdologer articles including "How to Make Giant Whizbangs from Old Silos" (better ask Pa first), a special pictorial on balloon trams with Alp-runners, and also reports of a steam-powered Siberian dogsled. Don't see where there would be room for a boiler, but Tyke is still only a pup.

January 3, 1874

Ingredients for Ford Miniature Giant Whizbang:

Item:	Cost:
20 feet reinforcing baling wire	No charge
3 feet fuse	\$.03
20 lbs. black blasting powder	\$.20
1 (one) butter churn (Ma's)	No charge
1 special dog-holster (old bicycle seat)	Three best aggies to P. O'Hooligan
3 special restraining straps	\$.07
Special rubberband paw-operated Moonman shooter	Had one
Goggles	\$.32
Miniature American Flag	\$.08

Mrs. O'Hooligan's new

hen house	\$17.23
Distance: 300 yards	
Total Cost:	\$17.93

January 23, 1874

On the way to Sunday School and minding our own beeswax, got into a snowball fight with the O'Hooligan brothers. At first Pat and Mike were winning because Elihu still had his arm in a sling from the balloon tram experiment. But I hid behind the dogracer and told our fellows to make them like Ma's preserves. In steps.

Thad gathered the snow, Phinneus packed them round, I stuck in the ball bearings from my pocket, Rufus dipped them in an ice-puddle and let them freeze up for awhile before Josh handed them to Elihu's good throwing arm and the O'Hooligans got theirs good.

When Pat and Mike backed off to another drift for more snow, I worked up some Nose-Flatteners (slush-covered doorknobs), Ear-Benders (ice-balls with fishhooks), and a swell Icicle-Bomb which also worked as a Window-Dreadnought, or so Officer O'Hooligan told Pa when he came with the bill.

From here in the coalbin I can hear Pa tell Ma it's time I stop wasting time in the toolshed and learn a trade where I can put my inventing to use, like farming. Pa says he'll be gull-durned if I can get into trouble inventing a new kind of hoe.

(If I work hard this spring, maybe Pa'll let me have the old silo after planting's over?)

Made up with the O'Hooligan brothers and showed them how to make Nose-Flatteners for their trip to jewtown.

June 30, 1874

Been working powerfully hard here on the farm for the past couple of months fixing up the sawmill. Pretty well licked into shape now that I see it is easier to feed the logs into the sawblade than vice-versi. Danged blade let go the first time and scooted into the barn before you could say William Jennings Bryant's Aunt Lizzie and came out the other side leaving it full of calves' halves.

Even now Ma says the racketty-ruckus sours the milk and the chickens won't lay. Pa figures it caused that two-headed calf last week, but I figure different. I figure the mill turns out 5,000 board feet of silo planking per day, which'll make a lot of trans-county whizbangs if President Grant ever looks at those sketches.

continued



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If you've been turned off by condoms because you think they take the joy out of sex, then it's time to discover our gossamer-thin, supremely sensitive condoms that have been designed not only with protection in mind but with pleasure as well.

All nationally advertised brands including Trojans, Conture, NuForm, Fourax, Profil plus 30 others are now available through the privacy of the mails from Population Planning. To discover some of our remarkable condoms for yourself, order a \$3 or \$6 sampler pack today.

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Our fine products and rapid service have won the praise of customers all over the country. For example, Craig Luoma of Tacoma, Washington writes: "Very pleased with your sample pack. Am ordering more." M. L. R. of Cambridge, Massachusetts adds: "I wish to commend you on your excellent, fast service. Best mail order service I've known." And Gary L. Hess of Ithaca, New York, comments: "It was the fastest I ever received anything. Thanks."

To order your sampler pack of these well-known condoms, simply use the coupon below. All orders are shipped promptly in plain packages. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or simply return the unused portion of your order for a full refund.

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Please rush the following in a plain package:

- Mini-Sampler of 12 assorted condoms (4 different brands), plus illustrated catalog, just \$3.
- Deluxe Sampler of 22 assorted condoms (8 different brands), plus illustrated catalog, just \$6.
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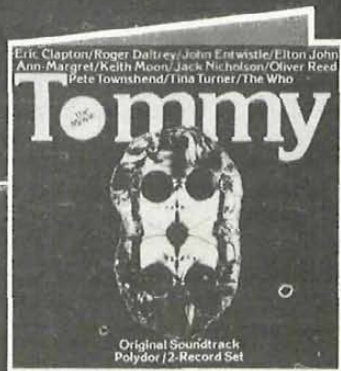
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I enclose payment in full under your money-back guarantee.

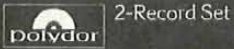
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T Tommy

Original Soundtrack Recording on Polydor Records and Tapes



Your senses will never be the same.



2-Record Set

July 4, 1874

The Henry Ford Giant Rolling Whizbang wasn't all I had hoped for. When the townfolk were finished with supper and applauding my fireworks display, I lit her up, and though the two buckboards stayed under the silo all right, the steering sails whipped off right at the start and she ploughed smack whangdoodle into Mulvaney's saloon.

Pa says maybe farming's not my leaning after all and is going to rent my room to pay for Mrs. O'Hooligan's funeral. Pa's talking to Officer O'Hooligan at the front door now and Ma is packing my bag. Tyke cannot come with me to Detroit as tail is still in splint. Promise to forward issues of *American Toolbarn* as soon as flag-dangle dies down some. Am writing in haste and some darkness as villagers' torches give off less light than you'd think. Steam-powered hand candle?

* * *

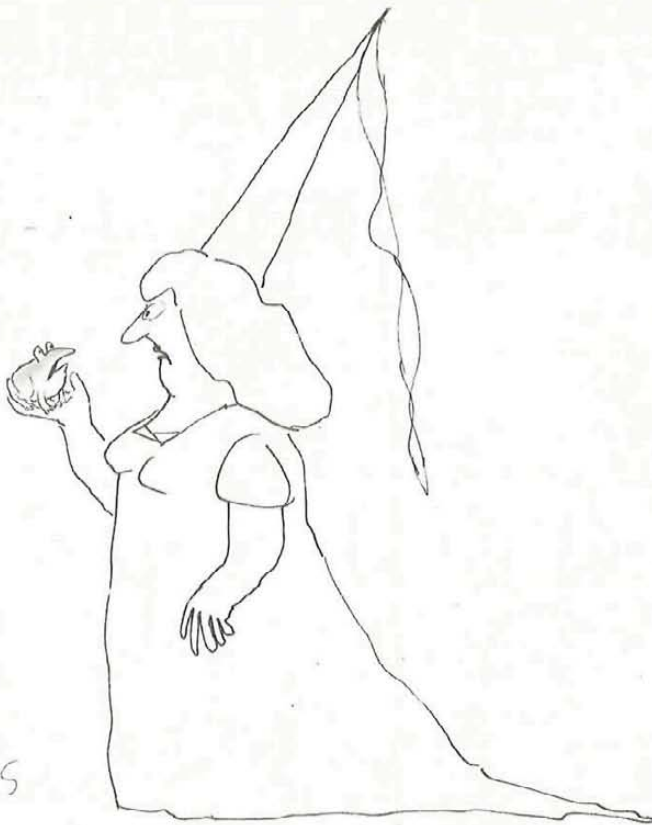
March 22, 1884

Today marks the third year of my apprenticeship with Knutson's Tool and Horseshoe Foundry, and I feel no closer to my dream of a practical, self-propelled surrey. The biggest hitch seems to be on the curvy parts of a road. The surrey corners fine but the steam-horses tip over, casters and all.

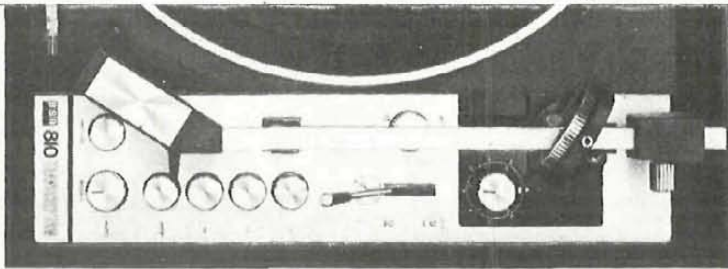
Mr. Rabinowitz, the inventory comptroller, told the tool captain to watch me. I think he suspects where the two boilers went. And two more jewish fellas came by today to start trouble in the punchline. Passing out greasy leaflets and talking rubbish about their Radicalist-Syndicalist Tool-Punchers Brotherhood of the Red Neckerchief and how they know more than Mr. Knutson even though the head one couldn't even get his beard out of the flywheel when I nudged on the throttle a tetch, by gumbolt.

Back issues of *American Toolbarn* arrived today. Seems some German fella name of Diesel is tinkering with an oil-trolley some like my steam pony. The rotogravure shows it to be a large, ponderous contraption, typical of your German tubings and old-fashioned flangework. Burns 100 pecks of oil to move a six-by-ten iron flatcar a hundred feet per hour. Oil-inhaler tends to explode every fifteen minutes. Crew of nine.

Impressive when you think of that frenchie fella Daimler and his clumsy waterwheelmobile, but still misses by a whangdoodle. Oil engines just aren't what they're cracked up to be; can't build up enough torque-horses in your impeller-bar. Plain as the bolt on your boiler.



"Well, the kiss didn't work. How about a blow job?"



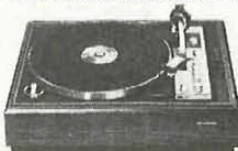
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And another to make the best.**

We do both.

We make 2 out of every 3 automatic turntables in the world. That's more than all the other makes put together. So BSR is big, all right. But we also make what we sincerely believe is the best automatic turntable in the world. The BSR 810QX for sophisticated systems.

Don't take our word for it. Take it right from High Fidelity magazine's technical reviewer: "Taking it all together — performance, features, styling — the BSR 810QX moves into ranking place among the best automatics we know of."

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THE
NATIONAL LAMPOON,
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635 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10022

Please rush me *The 199th Birthday Book*.
I enclose my check () money order () for \$29.95
for each book.

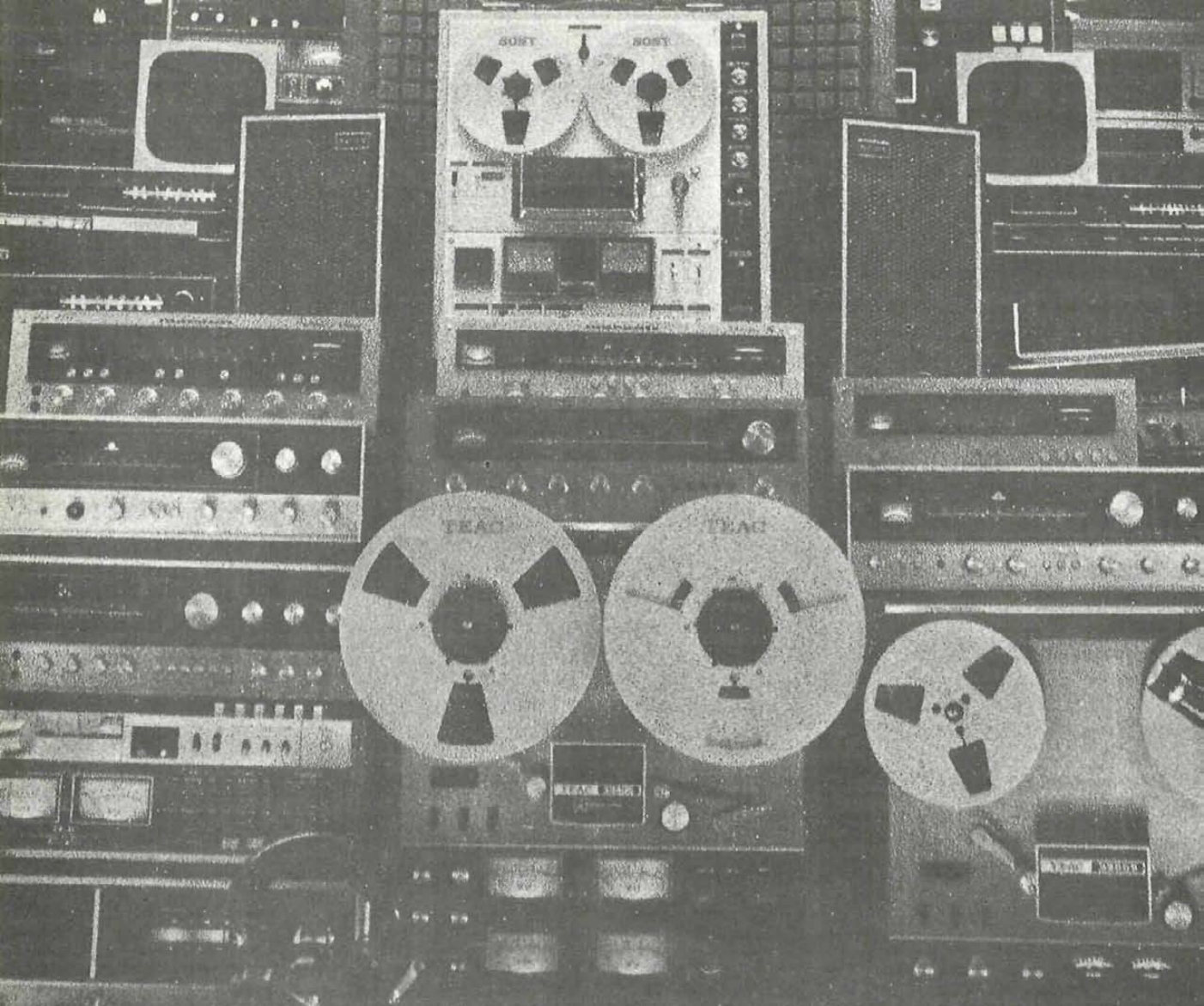
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Address _____

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(Please be sure that your zip code is correct.)



If you're going to get big, you gotta be good.
We're good.



AKAI

Speed
Limit
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The Pennsylvania Turnpike
"America's Most Divided Highway"

Emergency
Stopping
Only

The Dramamine Bums

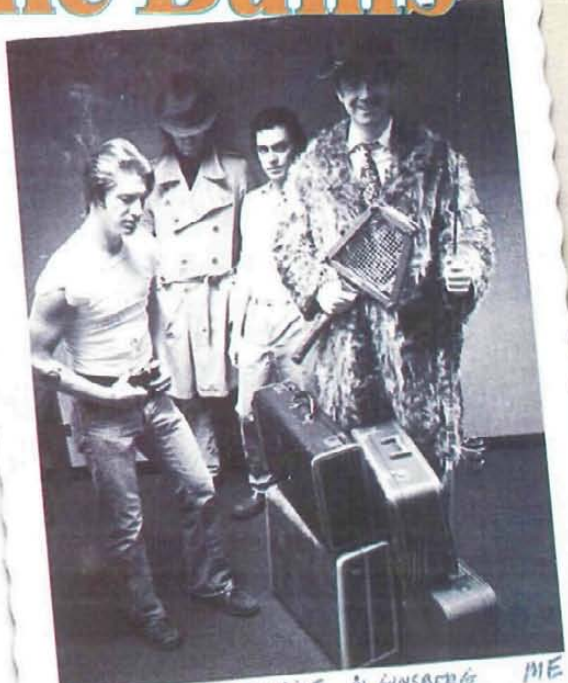
Dear Memere,

MON: Everything is fine with this fantastic trip and we are traveling and driving and really going to places that are Neal says "really gone" and we have gone all the way to Hershey Pennsylvania where you get off the great fast highway ramp from a road all filled with different lanes of traffic and cars and there it is the largest place where chocolate is made in the United States and called in a brochure they are just giving away free The Chocolate Acropolis like Greece though made of marble there.

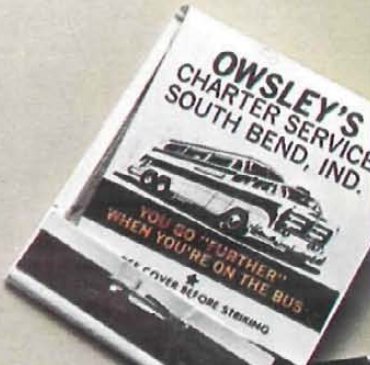
WED: Neal doesn't seem to be out in the sun too long like you are saying at all but stays indoors rather when not driving and I think is a regular cold cat as we say and also a good good driver never letting his foot rest on top of the clutch the way you were always warning me. And likes to buy a lot too of new cars which only goes to show you since you would not take Neal for rich or anything at least not until we met his friend Mr. Burroughs in Toledo Ohio whose father's name is right on your adding machine down at the shoe factory (promise you'll look next time you're up in accounting). So Neal is always buying new cars though lots of times forgetting the keys to them and has to fiddle around under the dashboards with the hot wires. So therefore you should be less worried and such as new cars have many more important safety features. Mr. Burroughs is now coming with us to San Francisco California being how he's good to travel with as he sleeps a lot though a diabetic he doesn't like anyone to know it so always hides when he has to take his four or five or six or seven hypodermic shots of insulin every day thought anyway is "real Jake" for his age but sure gets cranky when he can't get as much insulin as he needs and we have add to stop at all-night drugstores in some pretty unusual parts of town.

Am collecting all these souvenirs for your spoon and matchbook collections and also some terrific knick-knack sort of things -- you can write me in Chicago Illinois as Mr. Burroughs says he has quite a suite at the YMCA Hotel which is on State Street at 2300. You know I didn't know the Navy had any ferryboats but Neal ways that there are a lot of Navy ferries in Chicago and he says that

(over)



NEAL MR. BURROUGHS ALBINSBERG ME



choice of successful profession:

- Pullman Decorating
- Patent Pender
- Fish Warden
- Telegraph Security
- Trolley Maintenance
- Duck Farming
- Home Riveting
- Tax Detective
- Helium Engineering
- Humidifier Installation
- Beach Control
- Radio Carpentry

The Pennsworth Postal University

Box 5 Oradell, New Jersey



Please open boxes in the box of one day after you've left

Dear Mr. Kerouac:

Thank you for your inquiry, but I'm afraid that at this time, the Pennsworth Postal University does not offer a course in "Bohemianism."

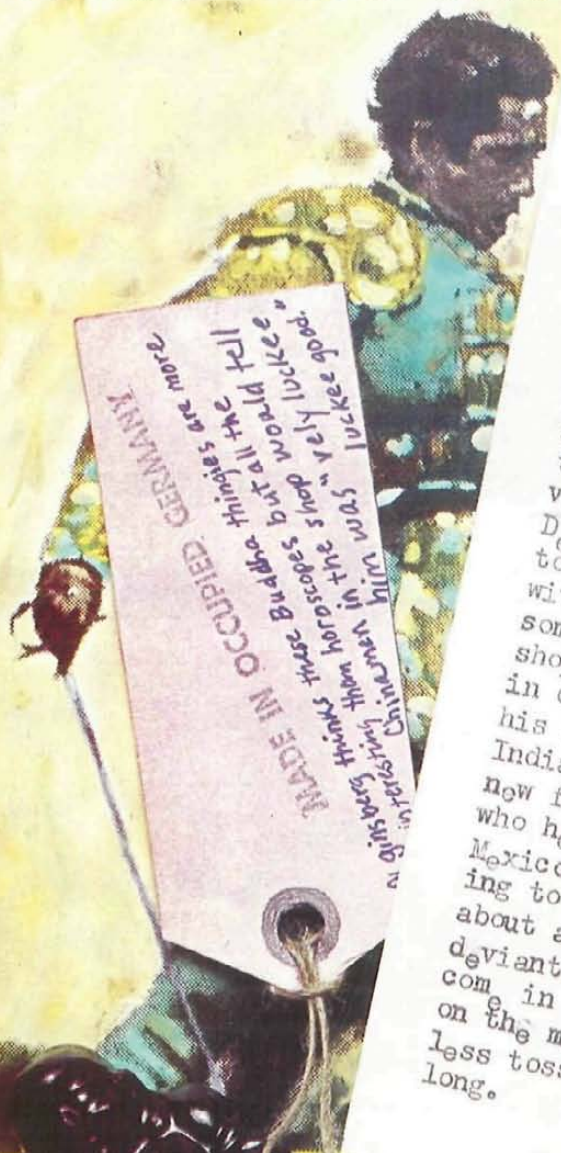
I'm sorry we could not be of service, especially since it has been brought to my attention that you were an excellent student in our Industrial Typing class last semester. Incidentally there is a small matter of which I believe you are aware. Your final tuition payment was due last

Lippbaum Novelty Co.
49 W. 43rd St., N.Y., N

PLAZA DE TOROS MONUMENTAL

DOMINGO 25 JULIO
TARDE A LAS 5.30

CARRERA DE TOROS



MADE IN OCCUPIED GERMANY
Ginsberg thinks these Budba things are more
interesting than the soap world fell
in with the soap world
Ginsberg thinks these Budba things are more
interesting than the soap world fell
in with the soap world

July 19, 1942

Dear Memere,
I don't excuse the look of this letter but as you
I don't any longer have the beautiful portable
gave me for graduating high school and loved so
because it got stolen. I suspect it was stolen
that religious sailor friend of Allen Ginsberg's
has also turned up missing soon after we all got
to Denver Colorado the gateway to the great south
The sailor and Allen had a big fight, and the sail
said Allen was crabby, although I have always found
him easy to get along with, and to make matters worse
it turns out Allen has some kind of cooties or some
very good at catching them, so Allen calls me the
De'Louser. I can't imagine what could have happened
to it (the typewriter) as Neal was here in the room
with it all the time except when he went out to eat
some seafood I guess at some place called the prawn
shop. Two of Dean's wives are staying with us here
in our basement room along with Mr. Burroughs and
his new friend a little Indian boy. (There are real
Indians out here Memere, and cowboys too like Allen's
new friend Buck who wears a ten-gallon hat and boots
who he met at the movies.) From here we are going to
Mexico as soon as Neal buys a new car the others want
ing to hitchhike but I told them what you warned me
about accepting rides from strange men who might be
deviants or worse. My sleeping bag from camp has
come in handy I sleep up on the fire escape here since
on the mattresses in the room everybody is so rest*
less tossing and rolling and jumping around all night
long.

(over)

6 MAFICOS Y BRAVOS TOROS 6

SANTIAGO MARTIN

«EL VITI»

JACK KEROUAC

MANUEL BENITEZ

«EL ...»

El Motello de los Diablos Asesinando

Calle de Putas
Legal Pueblo de Drogas, Mexico

July 31, 1947

Dear Mom,

We arrived in a new Cadillac auto which Neal bought last night in Texas after the accident which was nothing to worry about as no one was hurt accepting the policemen and as Neal says it was all their fault. Mr. Burroughs and Al Ginsberg were worried about the Mexican customs but turns out people here act just about the same as in America though many of them are foreigners who speak Spanish but very religious Catholics. They are all the time calling each other Jesus and I am quite dizzy bowing my head whenever the Holy Name is used and also dizzy and bit sick from Mount Azuma's revenge as Neal calls which is what you always calling the trots I got from a Coke made out of the water here. One minute after I drank the Coke I had to go and the same with the others we've all had to go. That's all we've done since we got here. Go go go.

Mom though I hate to be always asking for money I now the less don't have any left as earlier tonight Al and Mr. Burroughs who are both not at all like you think the moment we got here they practically adopted two terrifically poor small Mexican boys and let them sleep in their room well anyway they went out looking for a tailor shop I guess to find some special kind of buttons**Coyote buttons I think they said. Neal and I were left alone and Neal took some of his quick pick-up vitamin pills and said we'd go out and find some girls to date. I went for a walk with a nice girl pretty but a bit skinny and then we got to her house and I went in because I had to go again but there was no toilet and then a big man crashed through the door and yelled a lot of angry Spanish at me and took all my clothes and wallet.

So now I'm home at the hotel and Allen just came in and gave me a mushroom he says is medicine and I'll feel better. Now he is talking to the huge purple cactus man who just came through the wall but up here on the ceiling with melting fingers I love you mommy help oh oh I gotta go again.

(over)



Dear Larry -
Hey, did you see Marcel Sullivan on the night? He's one of the best nudes of my generation.
Love,
Allen G.

Post CARD
Mrs. Lawrence Ferlinghetti
c/o City Lights Bookstore
San Francisco, Calif.

San Francisco, Calif. 94102
AUG 1 1947
COLUMBIAN

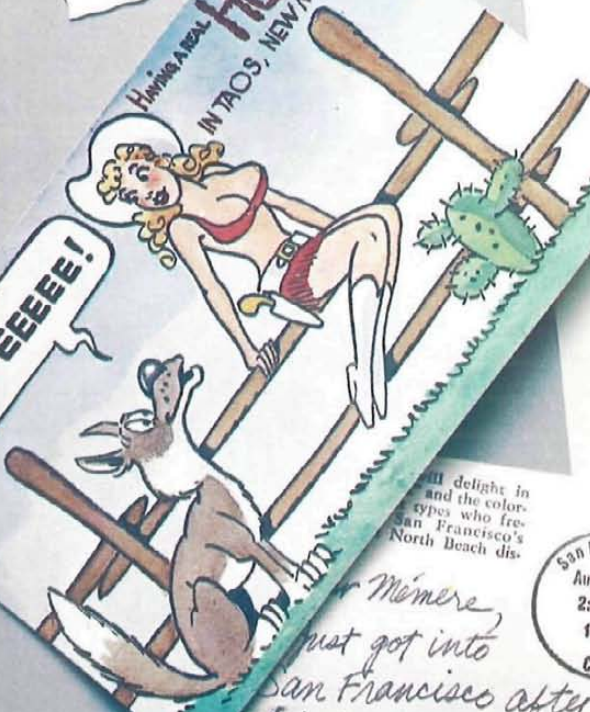


AUGUST 1947

Swell restaurant
and we played rock-breaks -
scissors for the check.
Whoever was out last
had to pay and a guy
named Skip won.

HAVING NEAL
HOWL
IN TAOS, NEW MEXICO.

Ooooo-EEEEEE!



...all delight in
and the color-
types who fre-
San Francisco's
North Beach dis.

Mimere,
just got into
San Francisco after
driving all night
from Bakersfield
and boy are we
beat!!! xxooxx
jack

Bows Arts Lithography
11 Fishmarket Sq., San Francisco

Burroughs Calculators, Inc.

2800 Arrowhead Highway, San Bernardino, California

August 5, 1947

Dear Mimere,

It's a real good feeling to be back inside the United States after those crazy runs from Mexico City all the way to Tijuana stopping at every shrub and very near the foreign border we stopped also to see a circus (I guess) strong lady who rode a donkey around on her own back but here we are now in America Express, California. Thank you very much. Neal kids me always about all the cards and letters to you and wants to know what am I doing, writing a book on the road? but he's stopped that now.

Came through San Bernardino and it turns out that Mr. Burroughs dad didn't want any new executives in the Adding Machine business after all but he gave Neal about two dozen big new adding machines to sell on street corners in Los Angeles. Neal wants me to go see some big sir but I've had enough of people like Mr. Burroughs father.

I know you won't worry any more about Al Ginsberg when I tell you I found out he's been to college. And I think he is quite religious even though he looks Jewish, being that I know he prays sometimes though won't admit it (like Mr. Burroughs with his diabetes). While we were waiting at this bus station in Santa Barbara California while Neal was buying another car I went into the men's lavatory to wash my hands after I touched the bottom of one of the seats in the bus station waiting room and there was some driedup gum that you don't know where it might have been and Al was down on his knees praying with a Marine in the last row of lavatory stalls for privacy so nobody could see him.

There are lush green orchards everywhere around here which are very beautiful but picking the fruit is really hard. The grapes looked good and so did the peaches and plums. It took me a long time to make up my mind but I finally selected the navel oranges and you should be getting a whole bag through United Parcel some time next week.

(over)

San Francisco
August 12
2:00 PM
1947
Cal

POSTCARD

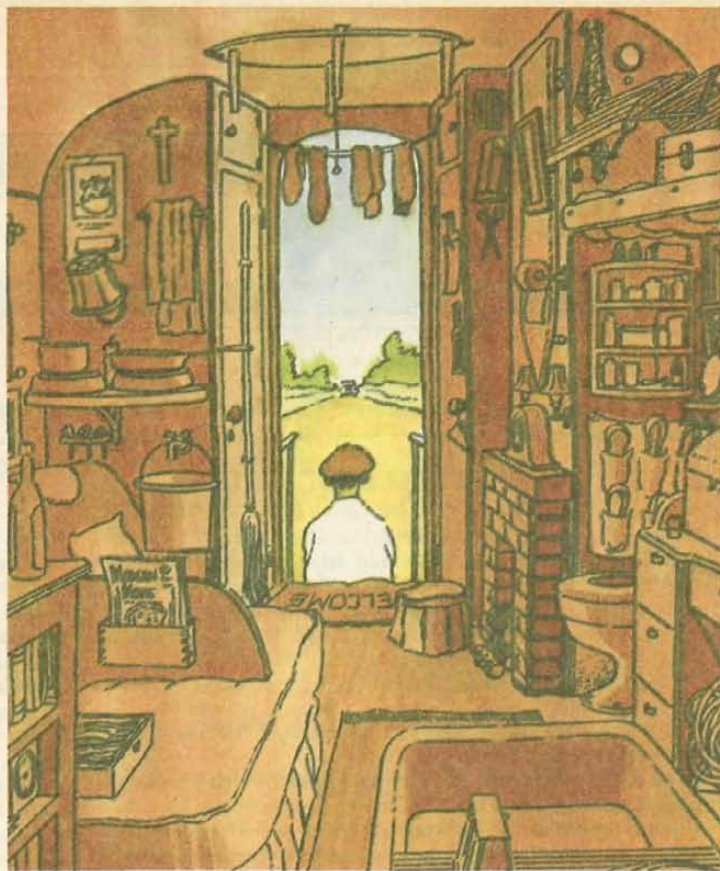
THIS SPACE FOR ADDRESS ONLY



Mrs. Leo Kerouac
37765 Cross Bay Blvd.
Ozone Park,
New York

“Hitch Your Wagon to a Trailer!”

by L. Elmo Phlebe



They came from nowhere, bound for who cares. They were the TrILERMANIACS, and this was the Golden Age of House TrILERING—a grand time to be L. Elmo Phlebe. Here's his story. You'll want to read it twice. You may have to. . . .

King of the TrILERMANIACS

Certain persons try taking the credit for themselves, but if you look in the *Joplin Star-Octagon* of June 2, 1929, you can see the headline (page 24), “Local Man Finds Trailer Club,” and that individual, as I like to put it, wasn't Yehudi! Mrs. Phlebe has sent a Xerox of this to the Library of Congress and interested parties can get a copy for 25 cents by writing directly to me.

A Mr. Roy Bodane of Jefferson, Missouri, has been making claims, and even had a write-up in *House Trailers on Parade*. I will only say that I wonder if this is the same Mr. Bodane who once borrowed my chemical toilet and then said he did not, and who was voted out of the TrILERMANIACS for non-payment of dues in 1936? Although my motto is “live and let live,” and the TrILERMANIACS will back me up on this, it is all there in the record.

This is nothing personal against Mr. Bodane. “To each his own,” I always say.

Good Citizen TrILERMANIAC

As I was explaining, your low-class trailer dragged down the reputation of all the house trailer fraternity.

You had, back in the early times, your colored trailer parks, and they were nothing but slums. We wouldn't let them in our parks, or before you knew it there would be garbage all over and things of that nature.

It wasn't segregation because, you see, we went about it in the best Democratic tradition by voting and so forth.

Not that you only had problems with your colored. The Mexicans—now here were Catholics and still they refused to follow the Twenty-three Rules of Trailer Etiquette. The French Canadians you met I can't say were all that much better.

No, your best house triling citizen was your clean-type person. Your Irish, your German, and races of that nature.

So if the coloreds weren't let in, it was because the Majority Will had spoken in the finest of our country's traditions.



Giant thirty-two-ton unit meant for Trans-Andes trek instead became flagship *Liberté* of famous French Zoo built, but *Liberté* survived war, is now an apartment house in Turkey.

We had a saying in the TrILERMANIACS, that "if a man refused washing himself he would hardly be expected to bathe his trailer." And as far as getting into the TrILERMANIACS, this was Rule Number One!

Brigadier TrILERMANIAC

Your low-class trailer had an unfair effect of "tarring everybody with the same brush."

You have to remember that in many spots, which I will not mention here by name out of common courtesy, the local inhabitants resented house trailering and were ever on the lookout for signs of trouble or any excuse to complain to the authorities. Find a trailer with poor sanitation or unsafe condition such as taillights, and before you knew it, you could have a summons, or trouble of that nature.

I can remember the TrILERMANIACS in about 1933 turning in some gypsies around McKeesport, Pa., to keep our good name. We felt it our duty as good trailering citizens to help the authorities clean up a mess.

So it was my idea after taking just so much of this low-class problem and unfair criticism, to start the Trailer Police.

My idea was a voluntary body that I chose from the TrILERMANIAC men. It was no job for the ladies. They would have a uniform to enforce the Twenty-three Rules of Trailer Etiquette (later the Hundred and One Rules), since I had found in the Army during the Great War how men respect the uniform as a symbol of authority. I designed the uniform and volunteered as Marshal with all the administrative "headaches." But that's another story.

The Trailer Police, no matter what the critics say, was purely defensive in ridding house trailering of a low-class element that if you just let them go would have spoiled it for all of us.

So that was how we rid the rotten apples from the TrILERMANIACS.

Call Me Mister TrILERMANIAC

I don't recall how I won the title of "Mister TrILERMANIAC," as most of the TrILERMANIACS just called me King of the TrILERMANIACS and Mrs. Phlebe cut out a little crown type of hat that I wore in Convention and affairs of that nature.

But somebody is always coming up and asking me my list of the Top Ten house trailers over forty years. "Come on, Mister TrILERMANIAC," they say, "what's your Top Ten?"

Although I have never been one to play favorites and the TrILERMANIACS will back me up on this, what would I put in a House Trailer Hall of Fame?

Well, here is my roster. Just one man's opinion.

The Kentucky Homester, of which I personally owned three in a row and not just because Mrs. Phlebe's brother Ernest was an executive of that fine firm, let me make that perfectly clear. The Kentucky Homester had every other trailer beat flat in other words, being smooth on the road and a high-quality design. I can't say enough about the Kentucky Homester and since I am lucky enough to be considered an expert by some, I think I deserve a respectful hearing. It was the Kentucky Homester that pioneered the retractable veranda feature. Don't forget that Kentucky Homester made Trailer of the Year in 1949!

The Web-Tu-Go was a fine hand-built job but too expensive, and many owners used to complain about jelly in the hitch.

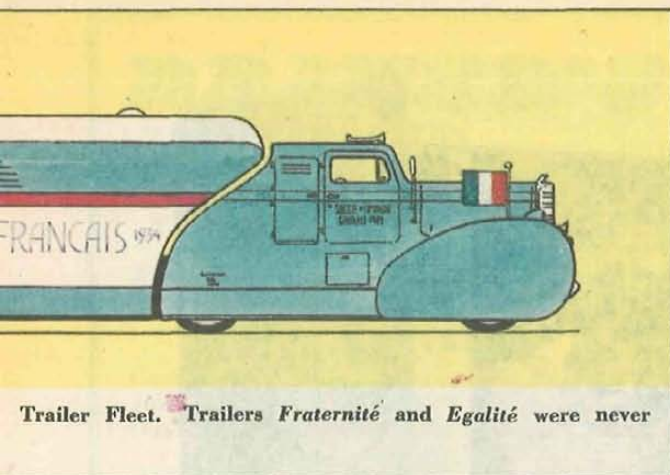


Customers had no end of conversation points, but outstanding feature of fabulous Flying Hacienda thirty-six-footer was fact that it was actually thirty-two-footer.

The Buggs Road-Bunny may have been best trailer for your dollar thirty years back but in my humble opinion they cut corners and cheap construction made them a joke. I always advised my friends not to buy one unless they liked a trailer that bounced!

Then there was the Wimentz Companion Home, which I never understood its popularity as it was "all show and no go," just a lot of gimmicks to me. They had a lot of fires.

The Flying Hacienda was another overrated trailer that stacked up poorly pound-for-pound against the Kentucky



Trailer Fleet. Trailers *Fraternité* and *Egalité* were never

Homester. Let's just say I never knew a trailering man who bought two.

People are always surprised when I am so unenthusiastic about the Houseketeer, considering the sales. I wonder if these same folks know that Houseketeer gave up ash construction in 1943? There's a lot of your resins in a Houseketeer nowadays, and that doesn't add up to quality in this man's trailer.

The same for the Motocottage, which sold out last year or the year before to a Jap firm.

I call the Holey Roller "the most overrated house trailer under twenty foot in the industry," and I won't take back my words. Even though I once met the fellow that started Holey (actually a Hungarian) and he took all my tips, his final product showed sloppy workmanship galore.

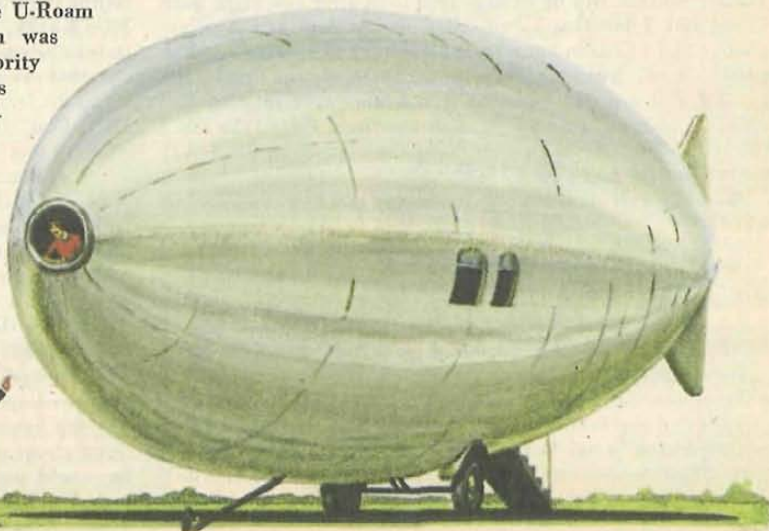
How about the famous Casa Vamoose that made such a splash at the St. Louis Show back in '53 or '54? Despite its being the only house trailer with stucco finish, the "inside dope" was that it was a dud and nose-heavy on the tow. It was bought by beginners exclusively. The Kentucky Homester people tell me they took a lot of Casa Vamoose trade-ins just a couple of seasons after all the publicity.

The Startramp was a popular economy-class trailer for a while, but I never saw it myself.

The Red River Valet was, as far as I could tell, "all show and no go." It was a tiny little unit but the joke around the Kentucky Homester plant was, "What's the smallest part of the Red River Valet?" with the answer, "The brain of the man that buys one!"

There are others worth a mention, such as the Roam-o-Home and the Motormanse, but I'll take the U-Roam over them both and better than the U-Roam was the fabulous Land Blimp. I had it on good authority at the time that Land Blimp collapsed and its founder Mr. Swarth was imprisoned on trumped-up charges because certain firms had friends in

Pert babe waves howdy from peep-port of *Land Blimp*, "the light trailer that failed." Larger version was known as *Land Zeppelin*, had huge peep-port so big, six Jills could simper simultaneously.



"high places" in the government and feared losing sales. But it was a honey of a house trailer, as different as it was unique, and I only regret it never reached the public.

A Trailermaniac Remembers

Next to the Top Ten they always ask me my favorite story from forty years on the house trailering trail, and I tell this one.

It seems Doris and Denny was a couple of Trailermaniacs in the North Dakota chapter who decided to "tie the knot." This was about 1937 or 1938. Doris was a young thing of about seventeen, but as clean as they come despite being a Ukrainian. The nuptials took place in Denny's brand new trailer on the way to a reception down over the border in South Dakota.

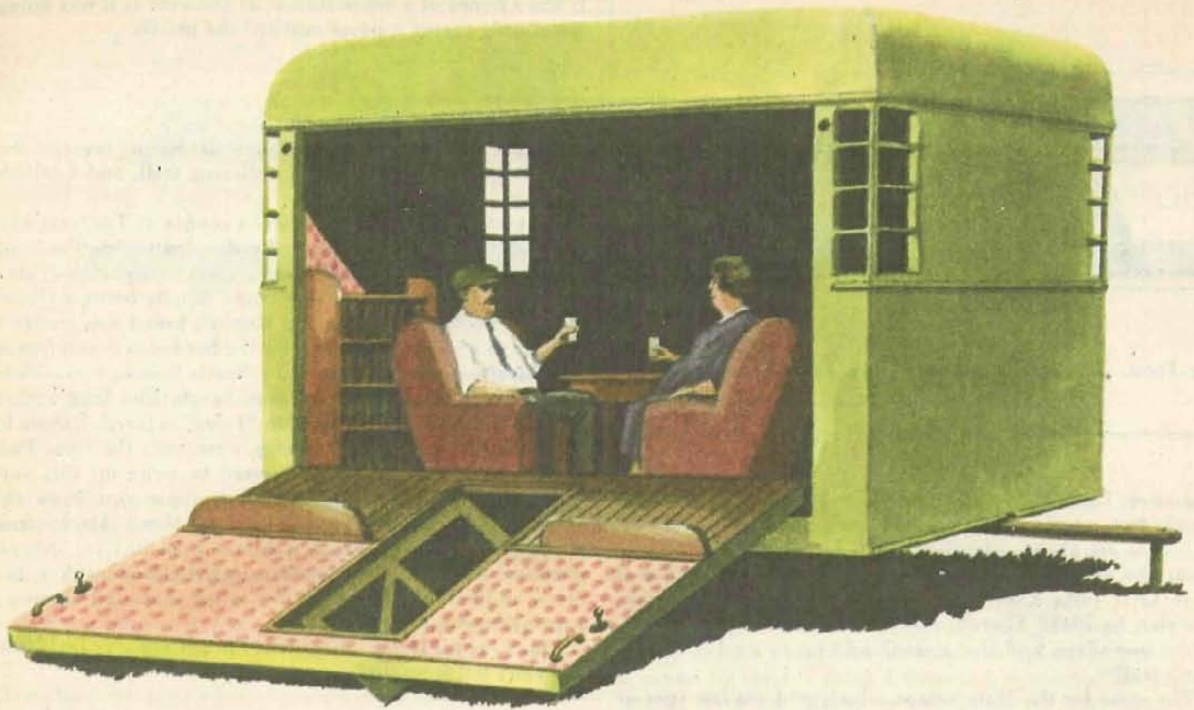
Well, the ceremony started in North Dakota but it didn't finish until they had crossed into South. The long and the short of it was that Doris said her "I dos" in North Dakota but by the time Denny said his they were over the line. There was a newspaper "snoop" on board to write up this novel wedding so the word got out. Next thing you knew they arrested poor Denny for violating the Mann Act by transporting an underage female across a state line for immoral purposes and then the marriage was declared void in both States and I think Denny got five to ten years. All because of a misunderstanding!

Don't say trailering isn't full of fun and adventure, because you can't tell it by me!

King Trailermaniac's Court

I once had the good fortune to meet a Señor Vulas, a Bolivian gentleman who planned to build a giant thirty-two-ton trailer and run over the Andes and set a new World Record. This was in a hotel room in Minneapolis. We discussed trailering all night over "a brew or two," and I signed on officially as adviser. He was a wealthy gentleman, as you could see by his cigarette holder and personal stationery. But next morning when I rang his room to continue our discussions he had checked out and I never heard from him again. I often wonder what happened to "Señor Vulas, the gentleman from Bolivia."

Then there was the time we caught the gypsies robbing our trailer near, I think it was, McKeesport, Pa. Mrs. Phlebe went after them with a mop while I put on my Trailer Police uniform. We were on Special Alert the next two nights but must have scared them off. This was around 1941.



Retractable veranda feature of Kentucky Homester trailer is shown here in fold-down position. Not seen in background is Grand Canyon at sunset.

I always considered the dog as a filthy animal descended from the hyena family but it was still tragic that in one day I ran over three by accident. I got a lot of kidding by the TrILERMANIACS that night in camp, as my dislike of dogs was quite well known!

A Mr. Washburn from the F.B.I. once telephoned me looking for a man known as "Mr. Smith" who was said to be in trailering. I agreed to cooperate fully with this fine gentleman from the F.B.I. and undertook "undercover" work in the TrILERMANIACS to check up on all people named Smith or Smithson, etc. I provided the F.B.I. with six names and marked one as "very suspicious," as he never mixed with the TrILERMANIACS. But he disappeared soon after one night near Cincinnati. I felt that I had failed in my duty as a TrILERMANIAC and a Citizen but was lucky enough to receive another telephone call from Mr. Washburn expressing his thanks for my aid and assuring me that it was not my fault that the criminal escaped. By now I expect the "long arm of the law" has found our "Mr. Smith," although my letters to the F.B.I. on this matter received no reply.

Never a dull moment when you hit the house trailering trail!

A TrILERMANIAC Farewell

The most memorable memories as I look back over forty years of being "King of the TrILERMANIACS" are happy. The number one thrill of course having been the individual lucky enough to have founded the TrILERMANIACS and had a hand in the writing of our Constitution and the Hundred and One Rules. The number two, having a "Mister House Trailer Nite" in honor of myself and Mrs. Phlebe for our thirty-seven years of tireless service.

The sad times I prefer not to dwell on, such as how the TrILERMANIACS Chorus that I founded failed to win the audition on Ted Mack, as they had the potential to "go all the way." Or how the TrILERMANIACS couldn't agree to my setting up the Expulsion Committee after my handing over the Grand Marshal post in the best democratic tradition, despite the number of Communists I had on my own time and at my own expense turned up. Or how it was not to be that others shared the discovery by Mrs. Phlebe and myself of Jehovah.

I will continue these reminiscences some other time with the story of how I came to write "When It's Trailer Time Down South" (official song of the TrILERMANIACS), as well as telling the truth behind all the rumors about me and a certain Miss Kozak, and more on the Trailer Police, and the "mysterious" case of when my trailer hitch was sabotaged after the 1962 TrILERMANIACS elections. There is also something about the famous motion picture short subject, *House Trailers Go to War*, that I have never revealed for reasons of national security that should surprise many people who thought they knew so much. And certain facts in my possession about the Treasury of the TrILERMANIACS that any honest citizen would feel honor bound to disclose and "let the chips fall where they may." Among my documents is something about certain persons' morals that might be of interest to the TrILERMANIACS if it got out, plus a snapshot ditto. Let's just say that there were things happening in the "Golden Age of Trailering" that were never revealed to the public. In my next part I might expose some of the politics too, showing how personal grudges kept a man from doing the right thing and how unclean habits on the part of others led to tragedy, and something about mixed marriages and some plain common sense on world peace from the man lucky enough to always be called "King of the TrILERMANIACS." For my critics I bear no grudge because I can only pity them. Happy Trailering!

DRIVER'S ED

WRITTEN BY:

P. J. O'Rourke

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY:

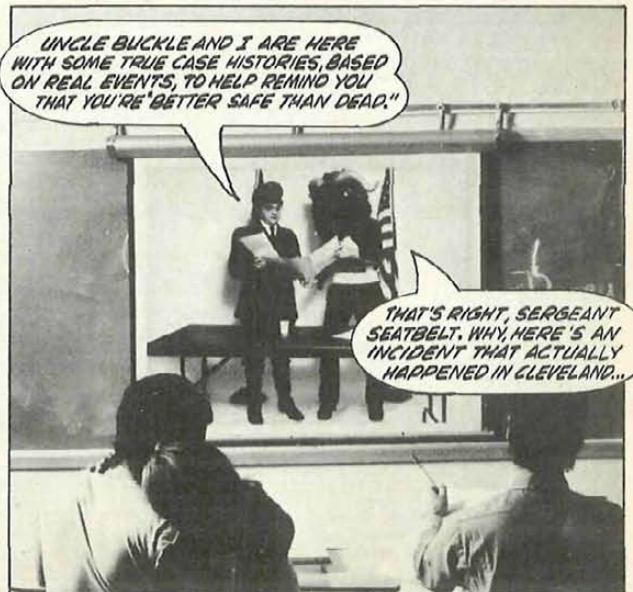
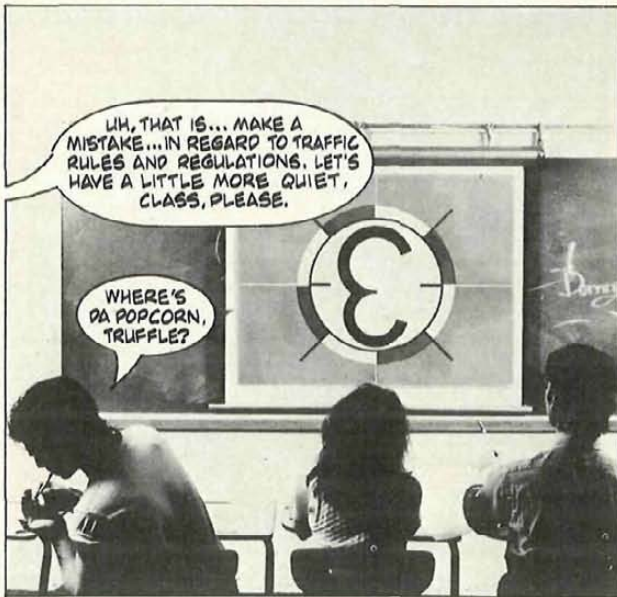
Peter Kleinman

STARRING

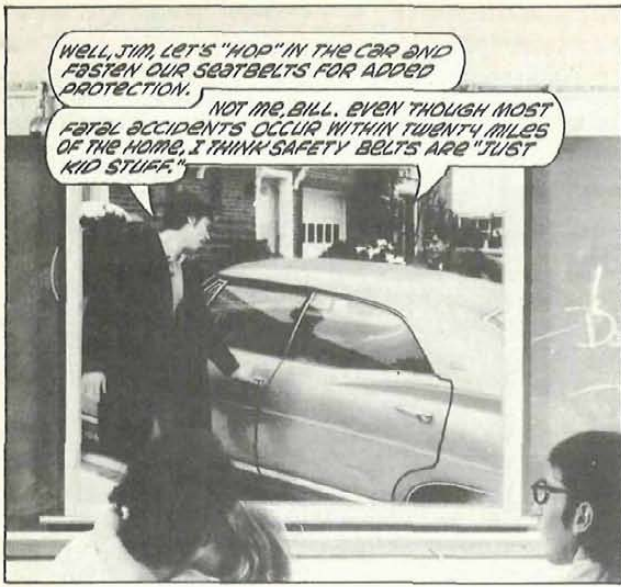
George Agoglia, Jr. as "The Hitter"
Judy Lee as "His Girl"
David Arky as "An Honors Student"

WITH

Porter Bibb as "Mr. Truffle"
Robert Williams as "The Janitor"



continued



WELL, JIM, LET'S "HOP" IN THE CAR AND FASTEN OUR SEATBELTS FOR ADDED PROTECTION.

NOT ME, BILL. EVEN THOUGH MOST FATAL ACCIDENTS OCCUR WITHIN TWENTY MILES OF THE HOME, I THINK SAFETY BELTS ARE "JUST KID STUFF."



GOSH, BILL, THIS LOOKS LIKE IT'S THE BAD PART OF TOWN.

I'LL BET THERE ARE OFTEN CRIMES HERE.

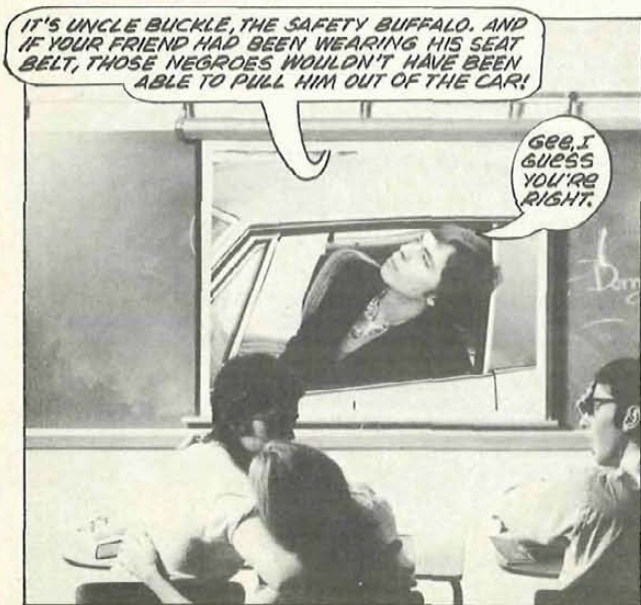


YOW!! NEGROES!! SAVE ME!!



I GUESS JIM HAS LEARNED HIS LESSON.

HUH?! WHAT?! WHO'S THAT?!



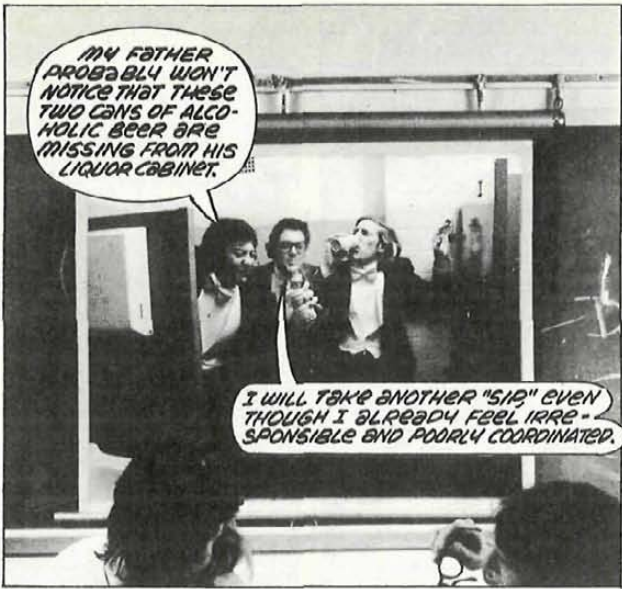
IT'S UNCLE BUCKLE, THE SAFETY BUFFALO. AND IF YOUR FRIEND HAD BEEN WEARING HIS SEAT BELT, THOSE NEGROES WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PULL HIM OUT OF THE CAR!

GEE, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

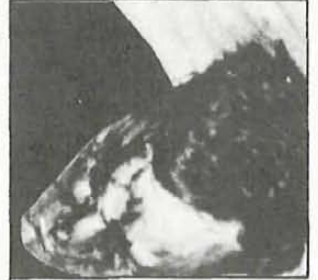
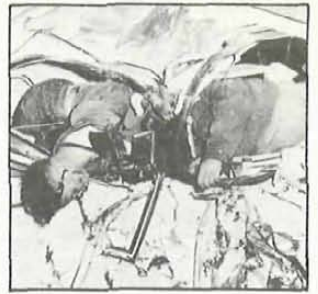


THE EXPERIENCED CAR RIDER WEARS HIS SAFETY BELT AT ALL TIMES, UNCLE BUCKLE.

HE CERTAINLY DOES, SERGEANT SEATBELT. AND HERE'S ANOTHER TRAGIC EPISODE WHICH TOOK PLACE THE NIGHT OF A HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR PROM:



continued



POKE 'ER 'FORE SHE GETS COLD!

ELEEEEEE

IF YOU WERENT COVERED WIT PUKE, I'D HAMMER YER SKULL FLAT. YER GOING INNA FLUCKIN' JOHN AN' WASH YER FUCKIN' FACE AN' DEN I'M GONNA KNOCK YER TEETH OUT YER ASSHOLE.

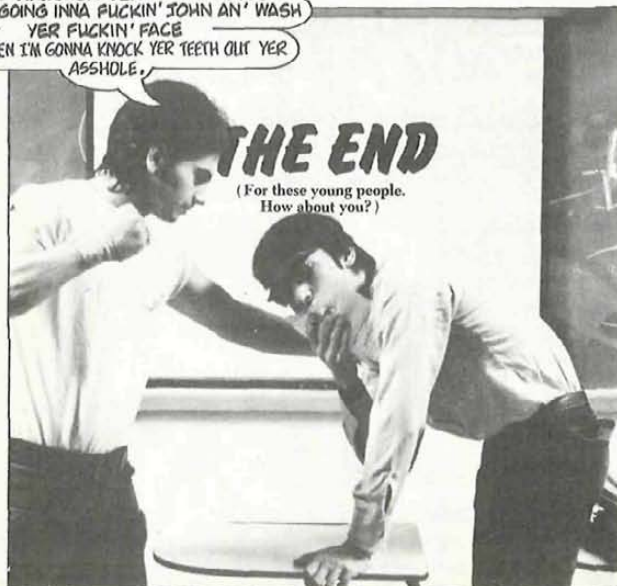


FORTUNATELY, THESE TEENS WERE ALL GOOD AT HEART -- BUT I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AWHILE BEFORE ISSUING THEIR WINGS -- THERE'S NOTHING 'HEAVENLY' ABOUT HAVING AN ACCIDENT!

HEY, MAN, YOU BARFED ON MY GIRL FRIEND'S FEET!

JESUS CHRIST! ALL OVA MY BRAN' NEW CHA-CHA PUMPS!!!

UHHH UHHH



THE END

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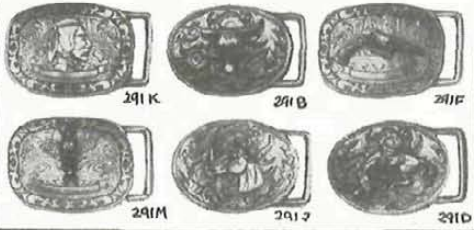
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Tomorrow, after the tool captain has left, I'm going to test-ignite my latest modification—the Henry Ford Coal Dust-Powered Land Canoe.

March 23, 1884

As I feared; the Land Canoe proved to be pretty much of fizzdangle. The piston-maul's vibration joggles your sprocket links, and if your safety whistle gets caulked up with soot on a steep grade, the whole imploder-kiln assembly is liable to go sky-high.

Rabinowitz says if I don't come in Sunday to repair the roof, don't come in Monday without a repair kit for my skull. Also, if God had meant men to ride around on horseless carriages, he sure hopes somebody else submits the lowest bid.

Someday I'll make that fellow chew his fool josh!¹

Another gaberdine-stroking Syndicalist was by again today sowing discontent among the Master Lathers. He wants us to put down our tools and wash out our red hankies in protest. In protest of too many mockies underfoot near my lathe, I blew my nose in his beard.

A gear is only as strong as its rottenest tooth.

June 22, 1885

At last the breakthrough I have been looking for. Been stumped for several months over the wheels. First I tried rimming them with heavy-gauge horseshoes, which are abundantly available after hours. But they

¹It is fascinating to note that this is Henry Ford's only recorded use of an exclamation point. By nature a thrifty man, Ford hated wasting ink.—Ed.

tend to fling off at high speeds and a ringer around the tool captain's neck has not helped my chances here for further advancement. Mounting cast-iron feet along the edges failed to produce the results I have sought, too, only a few pulverized cobblestones and some nasty gouges up the sides of the south foundry wall.

Then, last night, after a hard day of replastering, I fell into a deep sleep and dreamed I was riding a mechanical dog who reminded me of old Tyke through the South American jungle. Suddenly, Tyke begins to whimper that his paws are sore and circles a huge rubber plant with a big nose. Tyke liberally sprinkles the nose which begins to sneeze with rapid, terrifying explosions. Its nostrils draw a bead on me, but I wake up.

Of course, rubber plant. When Rabinowitz is through garnishing my wages, I'll save up enough money to order some big bicycle tires from the local rubber plant and stretch them over the wheels.

Also, I am very curious about this new liquid called *gasoline*, a petroleum by-product something like kerosene only with more ginger. Since the tool captain has put me on the night shift, I'll have time to convert these crude kerosene lamps of ours without his meddling.

June 24, 1885

Mr. Knutson has been forced to close the foundry following the fire and, with my urging, has arrested Rabinowitz and posted a \$500 reward for information concerning this dastardly Syndicalist-Arsonist plot. Begin working for Edison Electric

Company tomorrow. I am sure the Wizard of Menlo Park will lend a more sympathetic ear to the Fellow of Dearbourne, Michigan.

June 25, 1885

Just finished first day as chief engineer here at Edison. Had a keffuffle at lunch with this jewish fellow. (I won't tell Clara, she figures if I get the jews' backs up, they'll look up where we live and one day little Edsel will be missing from his crib.) This fellow (relative of Rabinowitz?) tried to get me to sign a pledge saying I supported the second Philadelphia Conference of the July the Twelfth Society. Told him the only thing I supported was my family and he'd be better off doing same.

He flapped his tongue at me until I couldn't hardly eat my hoagie. Finally he shouted at me so loud when I wasn't expecting it I dropped my cup and spilled hot coffee down the front of my coveralls. I told him right then and there that he could take his damned jabber and ram it down his firebox.

That same afternoon, one of the men told me I was the first chief that ever had the gumption to fire all the jews on the same day. I didn't like doing it, but a couple of bad cylinders can ruin an engine.

August 9, 1885

Talked to Mr. Edison again today. I tried to tell him a bit more about the new gas clipper I was working on, but he kept shushing me and complaining that I was spitting in his ear

continued on page 60

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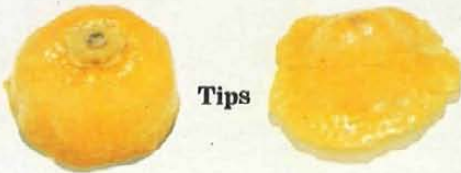
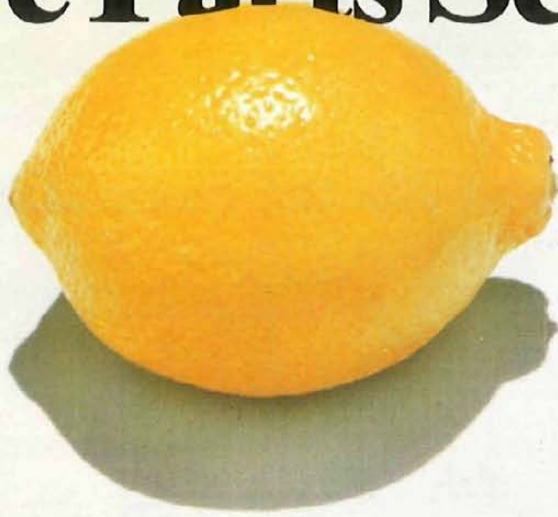
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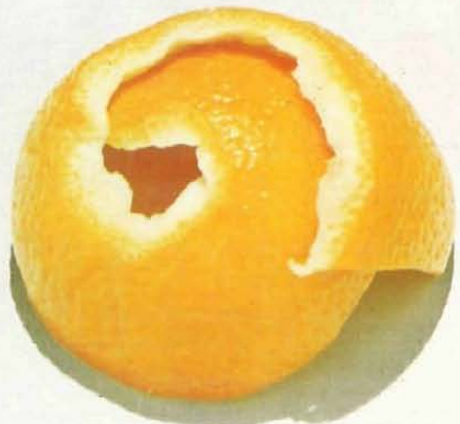
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Evening



8:00 P.M. TV MOVIE: "All Traffic Merge" (2)

11:30 P.M. Entertainment Spectacular of Worldwide Mystery (7)

6:00 (7) **Vine Street Beat:** Matt and Ken are assigned a brand new car—and the fun begins when both insist it's their turn to drive. (R)

(9) **Cowtown:** A crazy inventor (Parley Baer) creates an uproar in Cowtown by challenging the Marshal to a race against his crazy invention, the "automobile." (R)

(11) **Oxygen Tent:** Tragedy strikes the Medical Center when a busload of Mexican schoolchildren crashes into the lobby. (R)

(12) **Footloose File:** Stringer finds there's no work for a detective without a driver's license. (R)

6:30 (2) **Vera and Me:** The Waddledowns come to visit Biff and Vera and bring an unusual gift: an antique auto named Horace. (R)

(5) **Space Trek: Zargo** is holding Capt. T'Pol captive in his invisible asteroid. The ransom: a custom-built limousine. (R)

(11) **Mudburn's Men:** Chief Mudburn throws a tantrum after Brad accidentally scratches the paint on his prized convertible. (R)

(12) **The Go-Getters:** Tad risks his life—and Jerry's new car—to stop a Hollywood circus wagon on the Hollywood-Freeway. (R)

7:00 (2) **The Greasemonkeys:** Larry places a want ad for a new mechanic, but wishes he hadn't when the first applicant turns out to be partner Vinnie's little sister. (R)

(5) **Presenting Danny Palmetto:** Danny and guests Cesar Romero, Rosemarie, and Red Buttons pay a musical tribute to parking meters. (R)

(7) **My Favorite Phantom:** That dizzy ghost Daphne causes havoc when she goes for a Sunday drive—letting she's invisible! (R)

(9) **Tumbleweed Tales:** Young Luke has an idea for mechanizing the buckboard, but Dad thinks it's foolishness. Then a man named Mister Ford happens by. (R)

(12) **The Ambulance Chasers:** Jonathan collides with Spinner and finds they've both been chasing the same meat wagon. (R)

7:30 (2) **The Hollywood Giggles:** Host Peter Pancreas welcomes guests Abby Lincoln, Horace Dodge, Graham Nash, and the New Lost City Ramblers for a half hour of fun. (R)

(5) **The Shaker Heights Rednecks:** Grandma Ivy decides to buy a car, but it's the same one billionaire Eustace Van Flood III has his eye on! (R)

(9) **Safety Patrol:** Mapleville joins an mania in the hunt for the hit-and-run killer who ran Mons down. (R)

(11) **Wild Jungle:** Fascinating glimpse of how cars are slaughtering

giraffes in East Africa. (R)

(12) **Johnny Dino Presents:** Direct from the London Palladium, Johnny is joined by guests Cesar Romero, Red Buttons, and Rosemarie in this musical tribute to winter driving. Songs: "Too Dam Hot," "Bali Ha'i," "By the Time I Get to Phoenix," "Winterbottom for President." (R)

8:00 (2) **TV MOVIE: "All Traffic Merge"** (1972). Ralph Meeker, Mary Murphy, John Hoyt. Successful highway planner tries to hide desk full of parking violations to save his career. (R)

(5) **Thousand Dollar Theater: "Jalopies On Parade"** (1942). Jimmy Lydon, Bonita Granville, Tom Drake. College kids vs. Nazi spies in WWII. (R)

(7) **Ezekial Smith:** On the trail of kidnapers, Ezekial runs out of gas. (R)

(9) **The Gumshoe Girls:** Polly and Ginny go after a stolen bulldozer ring in Det. Sgt. Kubak's car and neither knows how to drive. (R)

(11) **Howitzer:** Howitzer is faced with a crucial decision when he finds he's too fat to get into his own car. (R)

(12) **The Wimpets:** When a traveling salesman's car yard breaks down in their front yard, the Wimpet clan hatches a plot to make some easy money—if niece Lorna doesn't object. (R)

8:30 (9) **Sports Shower Stall:** Host Sir Kenneth Clark shows film clips from Indianapolis 500 race and interviews survivors. (R)

9:00 (5) **The Manhandler:** Dave's buddy is picked off by a sniper in a car. All Dave has to go on is the license number, address, and photograph. (R)

(7) **That Millie! High jinks and hilarity** happen when Millie shows up for her driving test in a Sherman tank. (R)

(9) **Customs Agent 404:** Dan and his whole department fall under suspicion when police find a melted ice cream cone in their car. (R)

(11) **Prep Room:** The lab report is definite: Dr. Carruthers is going blind. Who'll drive him on the New Mexico vacation he's been dreaming about for years? (R)

(12) **Palumbo-Playboy** Justin Fabrique is found asphyxiated in his sports car. But Palumbo gets suspicious after Fabrique calls to report his own death. (R)

9:30 (5) **The Humboldt Dossier:** Jim gets stuck in a traffic jam while chasing a mysterious girl in a white dodge 'em car. (R)

(9) **Powell's POWs:** A visiting Gestapo bigshot leaves the keys in his staff car—with hilarious results! (R)

(11) **Name that Dame:** Host Cesar Romero welcomes guests Red Buttons and Rosemarie, who will help someone in the studio audience drive off in a brand new dump truck. (R)

(12) **Chills & Thrills Theater:** A car that hasn't run in years suddenly comes to life. (R)

10:00 (2) **Sal Hepatica and Dusk:** A musical salute to the charter. Guests: Red Buttons, Cesar Romero, Rosemarie. (R)

(5) **MOVIE OF THE MOMENT: "You Are Hereby Summoned To Appear"** (1968). John Milford Mitchell, Jay C. Flippen. Big-city taxi commissioner is forced to make a choice between his cabbie wife and a glamorous woman race-driver. (R)

(7) **EVERY NIGHT Plead!** "How Do You Buchanan, Cameron Mitchell, Bea Bendaret, Dame Edith Evans. A used-car salesman is caught turning back odometers. (R)

(11) **Third-Run Playhouse: "Trucks Use Low Gear"** (1956). John Ireland, Paul Kelly, Pat O'Brien, Penny Singleton. Truckers find job boring. (R)

10:30 (2) **Capuccino:** Barney Barnes bursts into Capuccino's office with a crazy idea: shoot parking violators on sight. (R)

(5) **The Greenhorns:** Two rookies racing to a crime get a reprimand when Foster intercepts their patrol car and finds them both in the back seat. (R)

(7) **Stake Out:** Vic finds himself tailing Burnside, who finds himself tailing Ozzie, who finds himself tailing Peggy, who finds herself tailing Vic. (R)

(9) **The Slammer:** Black police lieutenant Oliver Wendell Holmes Brown can't explain how he got his new \$14,000 car. Then Gallagher overhears his conversation with Judy and Jane. (R)

(12) **Calling All Units:** How can Todd report for duty with a dead rhino in his car? (R)

11:00 (2) **SPECIAL TV MOVIE OF THE HOUR: "Certificate of Inspection"** (1962). Dick York, Butch Jenkins, Guy Kibbee, The Harmonica Rascals, the turning GI has forgotten how to drive. (R)

(5) **Our Gal Phoebe:** Phoebe and Fibber decide to trade in their old hunk on a new model—and find themselves robbing a bank to pay for it! (R)

(12) **Weirdsville:** Disaster menaces small New England garage. (R)

11:30 (2) **Hollywood Castoffs Theater: "The Case of the Slipping Fun Belt"** (1938). Nigel Bruce, Warner Oland, Chester Morris, Jean Porter, Charlie Chan, Sherlock Holmes, and Boston Blackie are all set to go on a baffling case, but their car won't start. (R)

(5) **Heartburn:** Strange things happen every time Marge Stoner tries parking her car. (R)

(7) **ENTERTAINMENT SPECTACULAR OF WORLDWIDE MYSTERY:** In this special TV spectacular, guest host Cesar Romero and special guest stars Red Buttons and Rosemarie try and guess the numbers on each other's license plates. (R)

(11) **Me and Chiquita:** The Guzzelons have a unique new domestic crisis: how to get that trailer truck out of the rec room before Aunt Vj drops in? (R)

12:00 (2) **Midnight Matinee: "Turn Right on Red Light"** (1940). Roscoe Carns, Jane Frazee, Bruce Cabot, Clive Brook. Village idiot inherits Rolls-Royce. (R)

(5) **Shuteye Cinema: "Targan's Big Race"** (1937). Bruce Bennett, Luce, Jack Oakie. Jack runs out with a Hollywood stunt driver. (R)

(7) **Red-Eye Prevue: "Swingin' on a Kingpin"** (1935). Arthur Treacher, Ritz Brothers, Franklin Pangborn. Auto repair school puts on a play to buy a new hoist. (R)

(12) **Early Late Show: "Across the Highway"** (1936). Richard Arlen, Nita Olay, Cornelia Otis Skinner. Paraplegic learns to drive. (R)

2:00 (2) **This Is Your Army:** How to remove carbon deposits from the GMC six-cylinder engine. (R)

(5) **Gateway to Thresh-olds: "Motorized Morocco."** Travelogue. (R)

(7) **Highroads To Learning: Lesson fourteen in the series: "How the Carburator Works."** (R)

(9) **Del Camina dos Mexico:** Documentary on Mexico's new highway program (Eng. subtitles). (R)

(11) **Sermonola: Drunk driving is theme.** (R)

(12) **Daybreak Devotions:** What car would God drive? (R)

The Tunnel Policemen's Ball

by Brian McConnachie

The theme of the Thirty-seventh Annual Tunnel Policemen's Dinner and Ball was: "Cavemen—Probably the First Tunnel Builders." The Ball Committee chose Louisiana as the host state in honor of the Harvey Tunnel Intracoastal Canal. It won by a small margin over Michigan and the Detroit-Windsor Tunnel (who had been first runner-up for the past five consecutive years), owing, according to the Committee, to its not being a truly American tunnel. Many of the members felt that the Michigan tunnel police regarded themselves as *international* tunnel police, and therefore superior. This fact could give rise, they reasoned, to jealousy and unnecessary quarreling among the other attendants, especially during an evening when there would be drink taken. José Iturbi and his Hollywood Orchestra were contracted to provide the music for dancing. Secured above the orchestra

was a box into which one hundred doves were placed, and upon a predesignated signal, a sliding door would open, releasing the doves and creating a celestial curtain of fluttering white wings as the birds flew from their confine to the perches that lined the walls. The hotel insisted on providing this surprise gratis as a tribute to tunnel policemen everywhere. The committee argued about the hour the ball should begin. Some of the wives felt it should be held in the daytime because their husbands spent so much time without sunlight. The other half contended that this was fatuous reasoning, claiming that the men didn't work in coal mines; they worked in well-lit tunnels, and should like to take their amusement as other adults did. The final compromise, unacceptable to everyone, was that the ball begin at four in the afternoon. The Committee did not wish to dictate the costumes to its guests, but in keeping with the theme of *cavemen*, José

continued

Iturbi was asked, if he wouldn't mind, to have his musicians come dressed as cavemen. The orchestra leader refused, but said he would suggest to the men that if they didn't wish to wear ties or to shave that morning, they didn't have to.

First on the receiving line were Sgt. and Mrs. Mishka. He was dressed in a numbered jersey and a football helmet. She was wearing a baseball uniform. Both continually compressed and stretched their necks as their heads bobbed and nodded slowly from side to side, in an imitation of the sports figurines which are sometimes placed in the rear windows of cars. They acknowledged the guests they were being introduced to with lethargic moans, but did not stop their rhythmic scanning to give the guest the full effect of what they were meant to be. Next to them were Sgt. and Mrs. Pato, who were both dressed as the fifteenth-century author and toll collector Geoffrey Chaucer. In clarification of their costumes, the Sergeant had a handwritten sign around his neck stating, "I'm Geoffrey Chaucer," and his wife's sign read, "And I'm His Wife." To their right stood Miles Bohr, a widower, who was dressed as a seriously wounded Sonny Corleone from the movie *The Godfather*. Mr. Bohr is a tunnel safety inspector from Baltimore. Next to him was Alderman Wellman Turner, representing the Posey Tube area in Oakland. He wore a simple white sheet with holes cut out for eyes and the expression *boo* was written across his chest in charcoal. To his right stood his father, Maj. Will Rodgers Turner, a member of the Ball Committee and senior staff member of both the Posey Tunnel and the Webster Street tube. He was dressed as a Polynesian dancer, using a floor mop for hair, two half coconuts for a brassiere, and a grass skirt under which were his rolled up trousers. Next on the receiving line was V. E. Ahearne, the most decorated tunnel policeman from the hosting Harvey tunnel. He was wearing a dark blue suit backwards, and on the back of his head was a rubber mask likeness of Clark Gable. Throughout the introductions, his back remained turned and he was introduced to no one. To what would have been his left stood "Col." and Mrs. Woodring. The title of *Colonel* is an honorary one which goes to the tunnel policeman with the longest record of service. Both the Colonel and his wife were dressed in boxing gloves and shorts and were meant to be an advertising representative of the Chrysler car company known as mean Mary Jean. At the end of the receiving line was José Iturbi.

Drinks were served from four o'clock to five-fifteen at an open bar adjacent to the main dining room. Right from the beginning, some of the friskier tunnel policemen began crawling around the room on their hands and knees. They crawled under chairs, behind draperies, back behind the bar, and

between the bartender's legs, and they shouted to one another, "I dropped my dime, I dropped my dime." The bar quickly filled up, and for a while was three and four deep. The initial toasts were largely ignored, except for a toast in honor of a tunnel policeman who, while off duty, was beaten up by a saloon owner for telling the saloon owner not to serve a drunken customer. Some of the men had their car counters with them and were counting the drinks being served. Alderman Wellman Turner sucked his drinks through his sheet, but the ice cubes kept falling on the floor, so he switched to beer. Tunnel patrol officer Al Tysoe, who came dressed as a cowboy, had for guns two devices usually used to shoot coins into exact change toll baskets. When Tysoe found himself being ignored by the bartenders, he began shooting quarters and dimes at their necks and faces. A number of hotel employees wandered into the party and passed off their work uniform as costumes and drank free at the bar. Tunnel policeman Paul Sandoval, who had the habit of saying "beep beep" instead of "excuse me," complained to one of the laundry room hotel workers, saying, "Did you ever try to get a transfer from one tunnel to another? I work in Cincinnati's Lytle Park Tunnel and I tried to transfer, but it's the only tunnel in Ohio. Then I put in a transfer to Florida, but they don't have any tunnels. What tunnel do you work in?"

To which the man replied, "I work here in the hotel."

The main dining room was divided into nine sections representing the nine states that contain subaqueous tunnels. A tenth section was set up in the bar area for senior toll collectors who were invited as a matter of courtesy. A number of hotel employees wandered in, but soon left when they found all of the places taken. A Mrs. Pat Egan, whose husband was unable to attend, sat between Alderman Turner and his father, Maj. Turner. The front of the Alderman's sheet from where his mouth would be down to the bottom was heavily stained with liquids. The Alderman attempted to open conversation with Mrs. Egan by saying, "No one ever jumped from a tunnel, eh?" but the wet cloth clung to his lips and garbled his words. In the section designated as Virginia, several people were discussing the Chinese and the Chinese methods of tunnel building. One officer stated that the Chinese "could add like hell," but they were completely "in the dark" when it came to applying mathematics to physics. He said when they build their tunnels, one group of Chinamen start at one end and another group start at the other end, hoping to meet in the middle, but they never meet in the middle and they wind up with two tunnels. Paul Sandoval added, "That's why we never employ them any more." Someone wondered aloud if the Chinese tunnel police have balls as nice as this one. To which a voice replied, "Their balls are much smaller because they all do such little

dance steps." The women all lowered their eyes and the topic was changed. Seated backwards in the Massachusetts section was V. E. Ahearne, giving his table his Clark Gable side while he spoke to Mrs. Pato at the next table. He told her he had often closed his eyes and walked the entire length of his tunnel using only the walk rail for guidance. "Col." and Mrs. Woodring were unable to feed themselves because of their boxing gloves and asked the waiter if he wouldn't mind bringing them several bowls of soup they could pick up and drink. As the meal wore on, the conversation became louder and friendlier. Three brothers from New York's Holland Tunnel, all dressed as hobos, amused their table with stories of their antics during glass booth duty. One would pretend to be the host of a TV talk show and introduce the other two. Another told of his rookie initiation, when he was made to sit in the booth without his trousers, always fearing that at any moment, trouble would start and he'd be forced to run out there in his underwear. A number of people didn't finish their tube steaks.

The guest speaker for the evening was Joan Harland Long, a direct descendant of the late Governor Huey Long. She thanked the tunnel police for inviting her and spoke of the need for dedication to duty and the need for Congress to release more tunnel dollars so the nation could get on with "turning on the light at the end of the tunnel and turning on the light at the beginning of the tunnel." After her speech, Miss Long was invited to remain for the reading of the Tunnel Policeman's Favorite Awards. The favorite color chosen from the present year's ballots was white. Favorite flashlight battery was Duracell. Favorite movie, and winner for the past seven years in that category, was *Tunes of Glory*. Favorite tunnel came out as a tie between all of the tunnels measuring over three thousand feet in length. Last on the list was favorite expression, "I'm unastonished."

Upon no one's signal, a waiter folded back the large wooden room dividers so the dining room would be joined with the dance area. José Iturbi and his Hollywood Orchestra were not ready. Most of the musicians were seated along the edge of the bandstand, smoking and drinking coffee. Seeing them without their instruments and in this ungeometric order, the tunnel policemen were at first confused as to who these men were and why they were staring. Both groups remained stock still, except for the Mishkas, whose heads kept bobbing and nodding. Several of the toll collectors tiptoed into the dining room to see what had occurred. A member of the orchestra whispered to Mr. Iturbi, asking if these were the people who wished the musicians to dress as cavemen. Then, as suddenly as the silence began, it ended. The musicians assumed their instruments and the dining room was immediately filled with conversation. The first three songs played were "Love Never Went to College," "The Mashed Potato," and "Yesterday."

In between the songs, winning badge numbers were read for the door prizes. One prize was a painting of a giant religious figure kneeling on all fours and looking into a tunnel, titled, "Adjust Your Lights to God." Mr. Bohr danced with Mrs. Egan and told her that she reminded him of his deceased wife, but asked her not to inquire into the nature of his spouse's death. Mistaking Alderman Turner for a tunnel policeman, "Col." Woodring secretly confided that he didn't give "a good goddamn if all you boys got good and drunk and took this place apart." As he explained it, "You work in a tunnel all year long and sometimes you just got to get loose." Three veterans from the Bankhead tunnel in Mobile asked the orchestra to stop so they could harmonize their own composition, "Don't Change Lanes," which they often sang in their tunnel at night. A number of off duty and on duty hotel employees returned when they found the bar was open again. Mrs. Pato asked Mrs. Mishka to please keep her head still but was ignored. V. E. Ahearne's Clark Gable mask was ripped off the back of his head by a frustrated officer who had been addressing it for several minutes. While swinging around the dance floor, Mrs. Woodring accidentally punched a drink out of officer Paul Sandoval's hand. Maj. Turner began accusing different people of hitting him on his bare back with coins. A number of the hotel staff sat down at the assigned tables and ate the scraps that remained. The Colonel asked who those people were and was told that they were probably the toll collectors who didn't get enough to eat.

José Iturbi and his Hollywood Orchestra struck up the grand march music at eight-thirty. The younger members of the tunnel police force lined up opposite one another and with their arms formed a human arch. The senior members, accompanied by their wives and sweethearts, marched through the arch three times while the orchestra played the song "Downtown." The human arch then peeled off left and right and took their places at the rear. Everyone stood at attention while the "Tunnel Policeman's Anthem" was played, traditionally marking the end of the ball. But the lights did not come up. A single spot rose from José Iturbi's head and rose until it came to a box that no one had noticed before. Mr. Iurbi signaled a drum roll and the door of the box was pulled open. For several seconds nothing happened. The doves did not fly out. Then one of the birds dropped to the floor in front of José Iturbi. Then a second, and a third, and then they all began falling, two and three at a time, until all one hundred pigeons, apparently dead of suffocation, lay in an enormous pile. Everyone at the ball began slowly looking to one another in bewilderment, searching their minds for understanding, for some reason to this macabre spectacle. Then they all resumed staring at the dead birds. The only ones who moved were the Mishkas. Finally, Maj. Turner yelled, "What the hell is this supposed to mean?" to no one in particular. □

ASSEMBLY LINE COMICS!

by ED SUBITZKY





THE END

Pirate Pat O'Rourke says—
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SERVICE INSTRUCTION

Tune up

WARRANTY

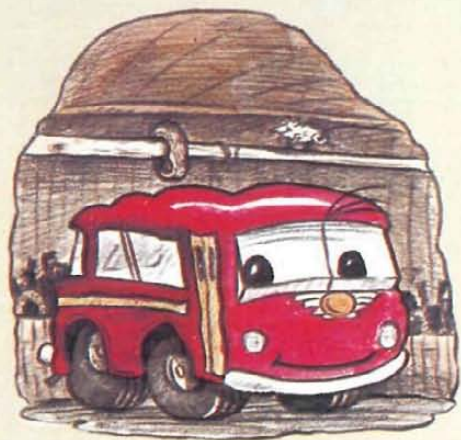
is expired
 does not cover these repairs

New clapper for transmission bell housing	\$ 31	45
Replace generator brushes	22	10
Replace generator combs	15	00
new fan belt buckle	4	95
Reschedule valve train	10	25
new handle for water pump	46	37
Brake shoes and socks	82	12
Brake drums	44	50
Brake trumpets	38	80
Brake clarinet	25	23
Exhaust pipe cleaners		35
new gas tank treads	80	75
Combustion Chambers		
Dust		
Wash windows, floors	75	00
new rear spring leaves	143	66
Rake front ball leaves	12	00
New piston skirts	210	25
Take in sleeves on water jacket	41	30
Replaster fire wall	165	47
Main bearings	236	18
Desert bearings	77	20
grease oil pan pour in batter beat till stiff and bake at 375° for 30 minutes	70	00
Removal of lesion on left rear fender	75	00
Subst: - (pre-rustorous con- dition indicated) - recommended radium therapy	190	00
Ultraviolet treatment for stiffness in universal joints	67	37
Antifreeze	8	15
Propylene	6	49
Gas @ 10-60		
Oil - 4.25		
Total	1816	16
Tax	145	29
Total incl tax	1961	35

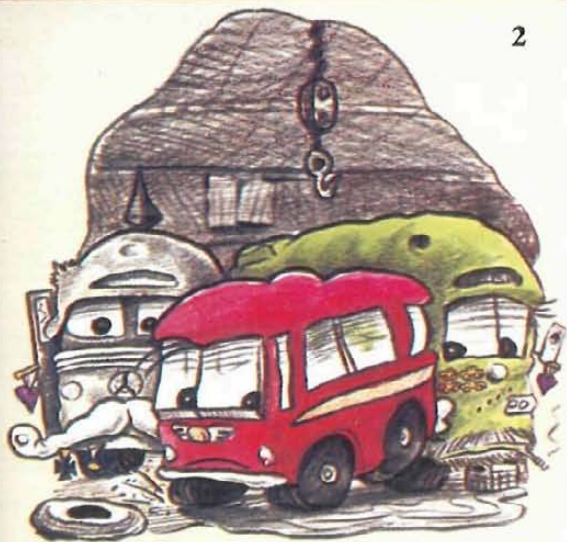
Beep, The Bad Little Bus

1

Beep was a bad little bus. He lived in a beautiful big bus barn called The Rust Home. All the other buses were happy, but Beep was not. Beep wanted to bust out of the bus barn.



2



Two of the old buses warned Beep not to leave. Their names were Otto Bus and Blunder Bus.

"It iss var on der streets," said Otto.

"You bet yer bumper," said Blunder. "Out dere, yer always fightin' traffic."

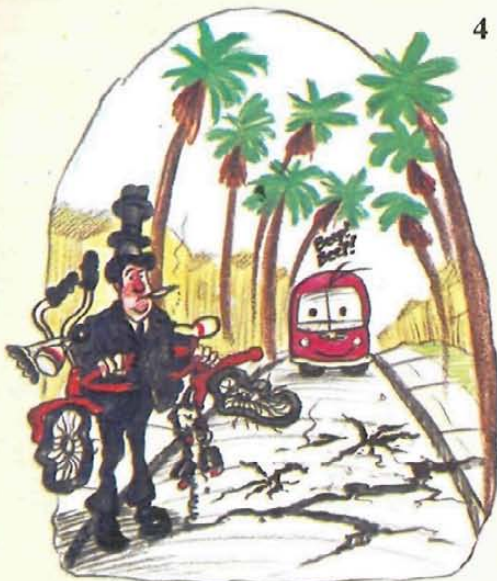
"Unt der traffic always vins," sighed Otto.

3

But bad little Beep wouldn't listen. And that very night, he ran away. All night he drove around and around the quiet streets. "Beep beep," said Beep. "This is fun!"



4



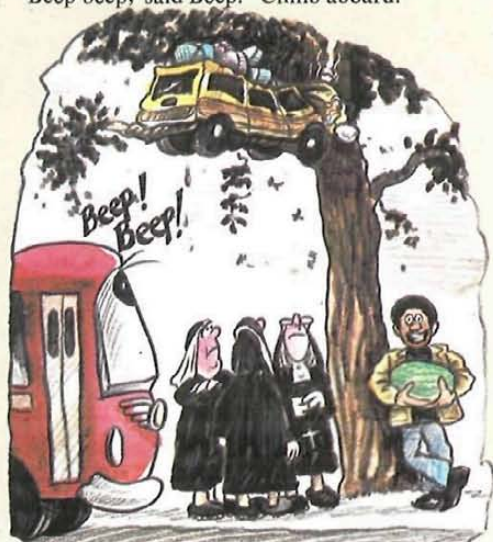
As the sun came up, Beep saw a strange person standing beside the road. His bicycle was broken. "Goodness gracious," said the strange person. "I shall be late for work."

"Beep beep," said Beep. "Climb aboard."

5

At the next corner were some funny ladies in long dresses whose car was broken. "Blessed Oliver Plunkett," cried the ladies, "whatever shall we do?"

"Beep beep," said Beep. "Climb aboard."



6



Very soon, the bad little bus met two foreign boys and their dog. Years . . .

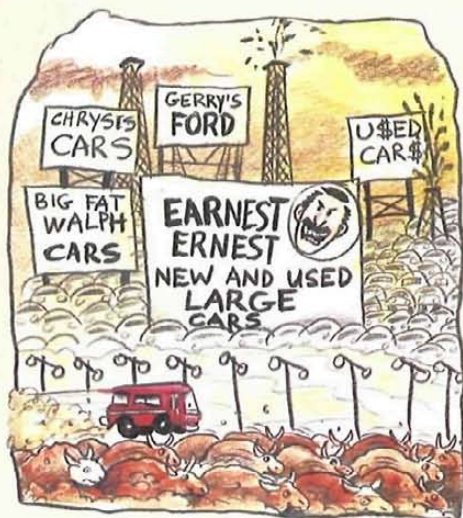
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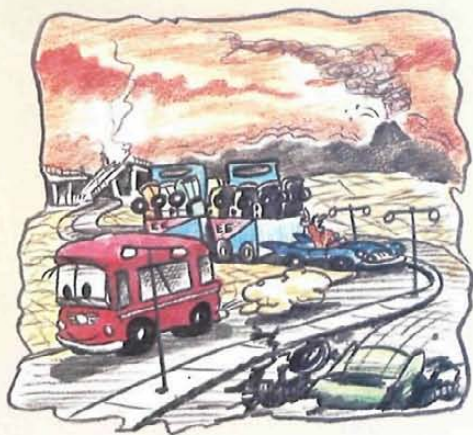
. . . and not long after that, an old cowboy and his horse who could not get across the road. "Beep beep," Beep said to them all. "Climb aboard."

8

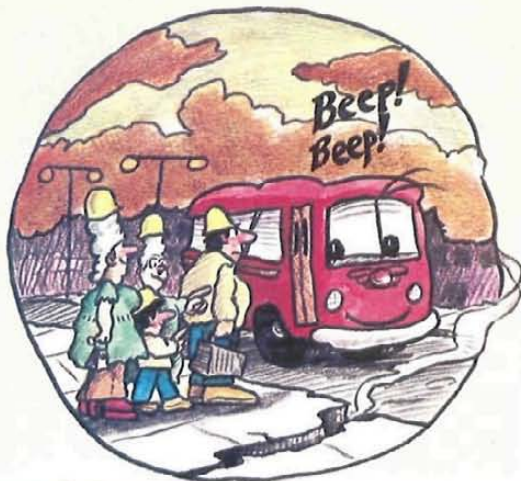
Happily, bad little Beep drove down the freeway with his busload of buddies. That was, until he passed the home of Earnest Ernest, the honest car salesman.



Earnest Ernest was very sad to see Beep being so greedy. "One man, one bus," declared Earnest Ernest, and drove after them with two beautiful six-packs of bright new cars.



Just then, bad Beep stopped beside a nice family, whose car had been stolen. "Beep beep," said Beep, "climb ab—" That was enough for Earnest Ernest. He blew the whistle. . . .





"Bussin' us just ain't good business," said honest Earnest Ernest. All Beep's buddies were very sorry they had been so bad. Right away, everyone bought a bright new car from Earnest Ernest on easy terms with buyer-protection plans.

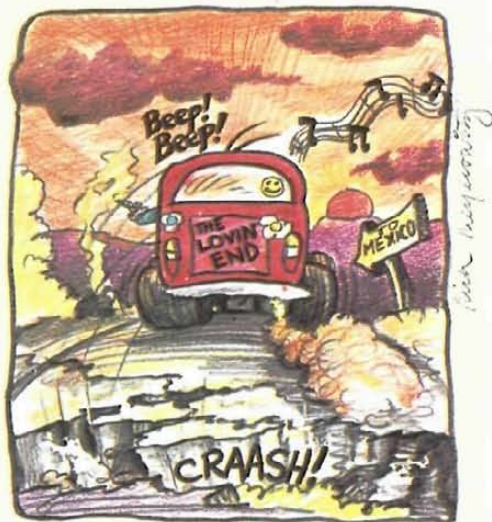


"Go back to the Rust Home, Beep," said everyone. Beep drove off down the freeway, alone and sad.



"Wait," cried Earnest Ernest. "You're not so bad. Don't go away mad. Don't go away sad. Have I got a driver for you! Beep the Bus, meet Happy Hippie!"

The End

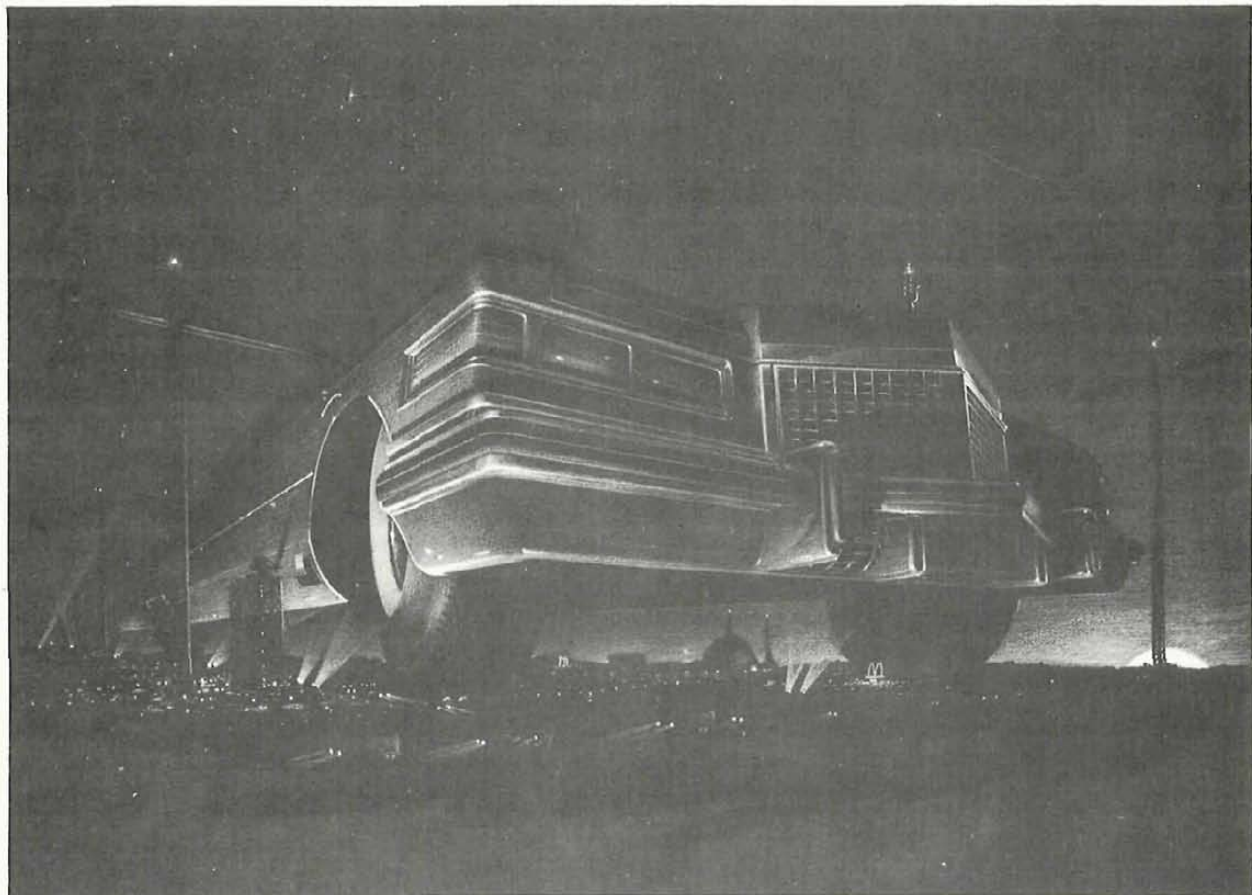


Wogmobile Sketch Pad

written and illustrated by Stan Mott

With billions to spend in bringing the Industrial Age to Arabia, the Saudis are well on the road to producing their own automobiles. Shortly after the 1973 oil embargo, while negotiating the purchase of the Ford River Rouge plant, the General Motors Technical Center, and Hamtramack, Michigan, Saudi representatives bought a selection of "hot" young Detroit automobile stylists and immediately sent them to Jiddah. Working in temporary quarters (until the Tech Center arrives), the stylists plunged into solving the problems of crossbreeding classic Arabic needs with contemporary automotive spizazz.

These smuggled notes and sketches bring us up-to-date on their progress.



"The Offering"

Problem: Update and symbolize, automotivewise, "For God hath said, 'Take not to yourselves two gods—for He is one God; Me, therefore! yea, Me revere!'"

The Koran, Sura XVI
The Bee, verse 53

Solution: Proportionally blow up and construct over Mecca automobile most revered by Saudis. Vehicle to be fully operational, but never driven (fired up during Ramadan?) as ultimate offering and sacrifice. Bonus: excellent protection against atomic attack.

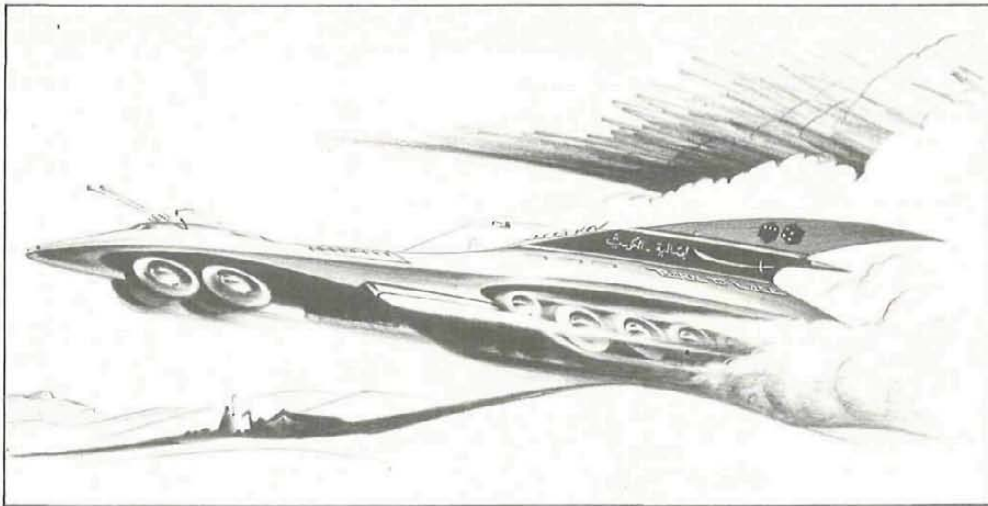
continued

"The Land Yacht"

Problem: Design princely yet sporty land vehicle to be used exclusively in Arabian Peninsula with accommodations for hunting game, on-board gambling, harem activities, business conferences, and general entertainment.

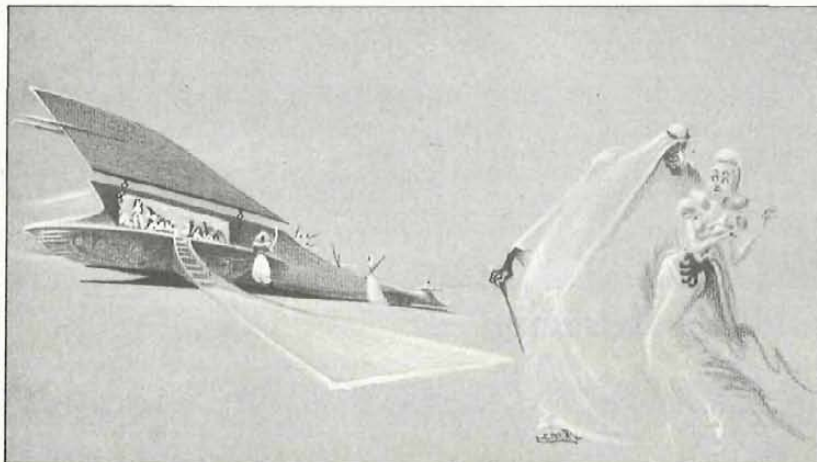
Solution: Combine best characteristics of unlimited

class power racing boat, ATVs, luxury yacht, and Panzer tank as 150-foot stylish magnesium half-track powered by two 12,000 cubic inch custom-built blown Hemis, locked rear treads power-controlled from either "Conning Tower Cockpit" or remotely via TV screen.



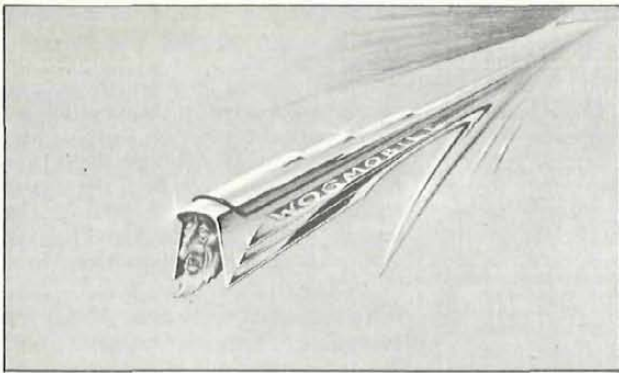
"Land Yacht" Interior Sketch

Shows details of Safe-T-First Self-Controlled Commander's Kustom-Made Water Chair in use in Land Yacht on-board casino. Special lap controls allow user to guide Land Yacht remotely from any interior quarter or speed chair on tracks from room to room, thus eliminating need for tiresome walking. Convenient closed circuit on-board TV system allows multiviewing of interior and exterior activities plus latest Dow Jones and commercial TV spectaculars.



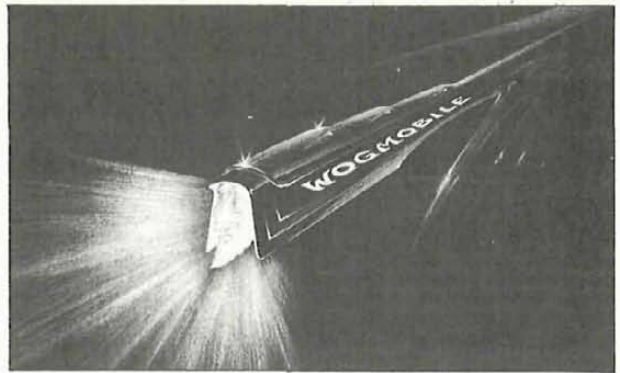
"Land Yacht Exterior Sketch of Harem Entrance"

Shows elevating rear fin and electronically controlled "Yawl Kum" Invitation Entrance Rug. (Note subtle use in sketch of symbolic figures to "sell" management on idea.)



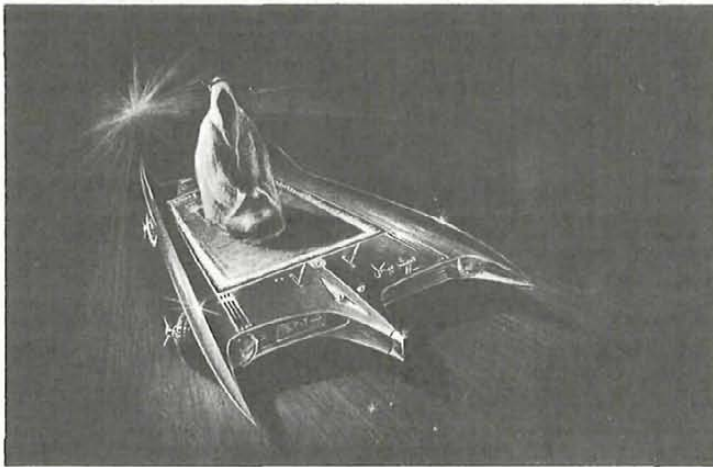
“The Faisal Hood Ornament”

Detail in daylight.



“The Faisal Hood Ornament”

Detail in darkness (lights up with headlights).



“The De Vout 88”

Problem: Update and mobilize traditional prayer rug.

Solution: Sleek show car-type vehicle accommodating prayer rug capable of being controlled by devout from either kneeling or prostrate position. Stylish compass on clean dash indicates east, aerodynamic eyeballs ward off Evil Eye, on-board radio receiver system picks up broadcasts from drive-in Mosques.



“The Mohammed”

Problem: Design “People’s Car” that can be driven by anyone who can ride a camel.

Solution: Draw considerable number of far-out blue-sky sketches without any consideration for practicality in line with management policy dictating there is no more reason to mobilize the masses and stir up trouble than giving them women’s lib.



“The Mohammed”

Sketch shows management’s view of traitorous desert tribes using People’s Car to attack Mecca . . . thereby destroying the “New Pan-Arabic World Order.” A poetic exec added the quotation in the lower righthand corner:

“Oh, our sighs for past negligence of this hour! and they shall bear their burdens on their back! Will not that be evil with which they shall be burdened?”

The Koran, Sura VI
Cattle, verse 31

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trumpet. (He did understand enough to suggest that if we combined his wiggling pictures and talking machines with my gas buggy we'd have a roll-in spectacle which could replace vaudeville.) I think he's got his head bolted on backwards as far as gas buggies are concerned, though. See if he flips his eggs the other way when my power coach rolls down to the post office and back next week.

August 26, 1885

Best dag blasted trial ever. Made it to the post office and back in just under twenty-five minutes. That's averaging *thirteen miles an hour*.

Some trouble with other traffic, though. One man broke his ankle when he put it through a hole in the boardwalk trying to get clear of a berserk horse. Of course, horses don't cater much to my machine. I can't say I cater much to them. Just can't see much future for an animal dumb enough to drag a milk wagon through the front window of a general store. (That's going to set me back a few gold eagles. Mr. Edwin Thomas, the storekeeper, chased me halfway to the post office before he had some kind of attack and dropped in the road. Lucky for him someone dragged him out of the way before I started back. Would have smacked him for sure as I haven't perfected my stopping device yet.)

Court next Tuesday.

I was going to talk to Mr. Edison today about manufacturing the machine, but I have to give him a chance to leak a little steam, as I miscalculated the speed of the buggy when I pulled into the shop and had to use one of the work benches to break myself, otherwise I would have gone rolling through the partition and into Mr. E's office.

August 27, 1885

I think I'll wait a few days before talking to Mr. Edison about the machine. I've got to iron out a few wrinkles yet. I know I've got to do something about the crankstart. One more smithie's devil with his arm tore off and I'll be in the hot potato soup with Mr. Edison. The last apprentice told his father some story and the old man (the foreman of a gravel shifting crew) came down to the shop and threatened to wrap a cart axle around my neck if I didn't foot the bill for getting the boy a new arm all the way from Paris, France. Calmed the Father down and told him I could make a better arm right here in the shop. Finished it yesterday and when the lad buckled it on he was so happy he went around the shop and opened

all the men's soda pop with the bottle opener I spot-welded onto one arm of his scissors.

Just the same, I've got to get that crank working better. Maybe if I put some kind of ratchet on there so that when the engine backfires, she'll free-wheel instead of letting the crank shoot up in the air with your arm or bashing you in the snout and leaving you cold on the workshop floor. Hope so, anyway.

November 11, 1895

Ran into a couple of interesting young fellow mechanics in town for their brother's funeral. Seems this Norville Wright was trying to cross a bicycle with a bird at the time (?).

If God had meant man to fly, He wouldn't have put all the traction down here.

January 3, 1896

Idea: A good wrench is like a good friend. If you take care of them, they won't s'rip your nuts.

May 2, 1896

I've about reached the end of my rope with the Edison Company. I can't talk much to Mr. Edison now. (Always thinks I'm talking about something else; sometimes I think that someone's been leaving things in his ear trumpet.) I've saved up a bit of money so maybe try getting some fellas together to build custom cars.

* * *

January 5, 1900

Had another squabbledangle with a customer over his delivery. The little get-along I worked up fit all his specifications: warning whistle, hat rack, mahogany footrests in red plush and gold tassels, concealed whist table, the works. The fellow claims he ran plumb-splangwobble into a telegraph pole the first time out.

If a person wants a steering tiller, he should order a steering tiller.

April 17, 1900

At long last, the Model N is finished. K, L, and M all had the same problem—the automatic parasols kept the occupant dry enough but the forward road window clogs up with rain-balls and visibility is limited.

Luckily, *American Vehicular* recently ran a cover story on Sir Geoffrey Windshield's dandy new wiper design—the simple back-and-forth motion of his single rubber blade eliminates the entire rotating feather-duster mounting with a single stroke.

May 30, 1900

The Detroit Custom Motorcarriage Works has been featured in the latest issue of *American Vehicular*. There is a large pictograph of our Model C, with a fine inset picto of my hand-turned lug-plungers and chromium need-valve redoublers (patent pending).

Already I have received several invitations to some semiformal tea races around the country.

Another customer returned his Model G. Claims the directional reins get chewed up in the gearworks and the land-anchors don't hold.

Model H has some bugs too. Owner says fumes from the fuel caboose ignite from the gas stack sparks and has to ride her soaking wet to keep his hair. Nitpicker. Jewish fella?

June 17, 1900

The Detroit Custom Motorcarriage Company has given me notice. The Sir Geoffrey Windshield Wiper (patent not pending) operates perfectly, but at high speeds (thirteen to seventeen mph) the whole kit-and-kaboodle turns sideways somersaults in time with the wiper. (Lighter blades? Lower center of gravity?)

If the fellow from the engine-pomade company will sponsor me, I will enter the auto tournament in Lansing. If it doesn't rain.

June 25, 1900

Rain. All day and night before the race. Finally I managed to compensate for the wiper's momentum by shifting my weight in the opposite direction of the somersault. Steering still difficult, but less wear on tires, as only two touch ground at any one time. Race to be held tomorrow, if the mud dries or freezes.

June 26, 1900

Victory. Everyone was there. At the opening gun (which nipped Duryea's right front pneumatic and clocked him an early finish into the judges' stand), I was off like a shot and set a record time of one minute for the quarter-mile oval. Diesel's sportstractor was yapping at my stern, but a gust of wind extinguished his pilot light and the leaky behemoth clanked to a dead stop in the mechanics' pasture.

Hispano-Suiza and Daimler took the lead for a few laps but got tangled up in each other's cowcatchers, and each lost precious time trying to scrape the other off along the fence-posts. Peugeot's little roll-about averaged twenty-two mph until the judges spotted a pair of powerfully-calved legs under the frenchie's chassis and disqualified the both.

After lunchbreak, the only contes-

tants left were me and Stanley's steamjitney, *The Obedient II*. As we whirled around the final five laps, most of the crowd had already drifted away to a dogfight-and-schnapps festival over by the flats and missed an exciting moment. On the second-to-last lap, my brakes burned up, and only the dragging of my left foot along the ground kept me from crashing bandgoodle into Humber's parked Electro-Super-Snipe (his batteries had gone dead—those fancy Marconi Radiophones used up all the juice his fool magneto-fired cheroot lighter didn't).

Stanley puffed past me and turned into the final lap, hooting and tooting like a banshee. Following close be-

hind, I played a trick I learned from snowball fights with the O'Hooligan brothers—I made rude faces at Stanley's young stoker until the hot-headed ruffian slung his coal-shovel at me and I pulled neatly ahead of their petered-out potbelly with only a small dent in my right front head. Remember: Pound it out tomorrow at the shop with a rubber hammer.

July 16, 1900

Several important bankers answered my telegrams today and expressed great interest in my new Model S. News of my string of racing victories has traveled fast. The Cincinnati-Dayton Overland Competition was written up in the *Akron Beacon*

continued on page 72B

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Artist: Pat Sloan
 STOUX '96

Face 07
 Face 11
 Eagle 16



JOHN LENNON

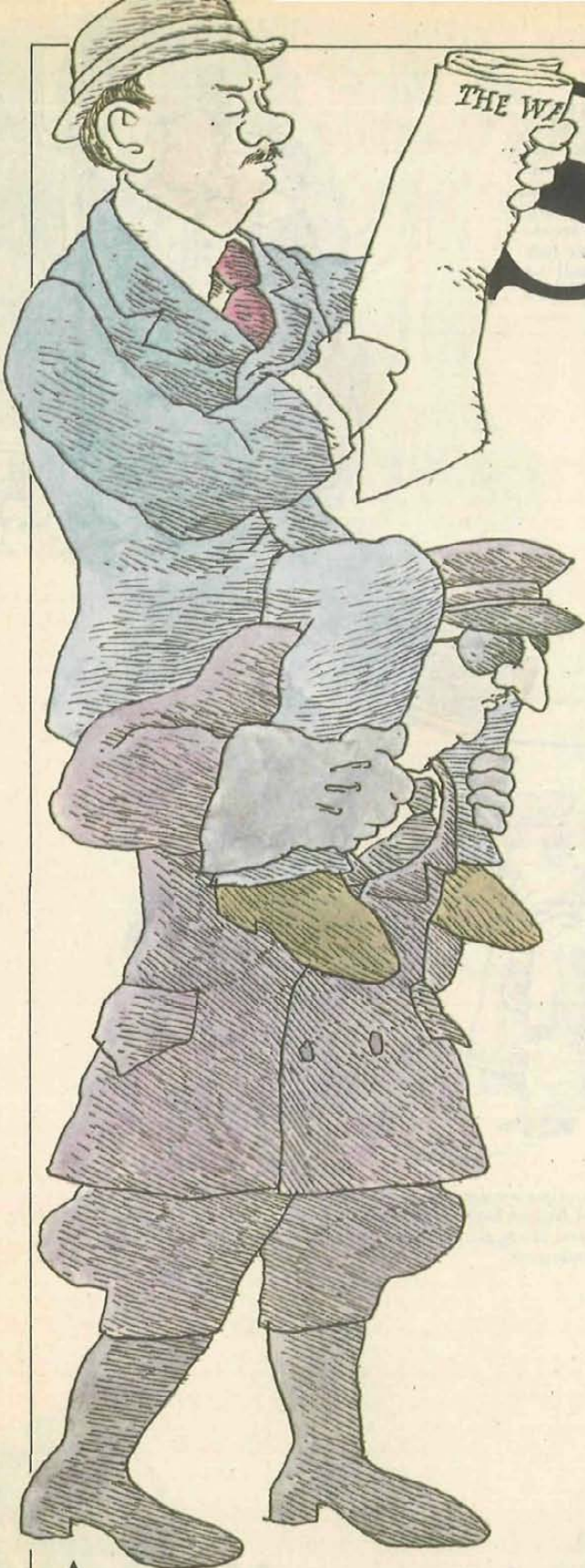
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Be-Bop-A-Lula
Stand By Me
Ready Teddy/Rip It Up
You Can't Catch Me
Ain't That A Shame
Do You Want To Dance
Sweet Little Sixteen

Slippin' And Slidin'
Peggy Sue
Bring It On Home To Me/
Send Me Some Lovin'
Bony Maronie
Ya Ya
JUST BECAUSE

You
Should'a
Been
There...

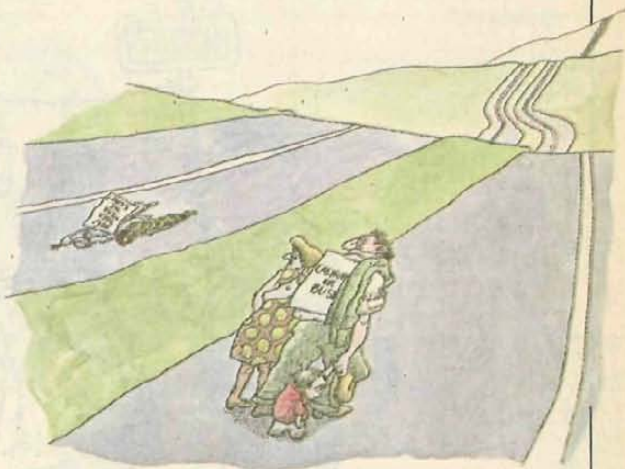
apple records
from Capital Records



Shoes

by Gahan Wilson

Because of the combined oil and money shortage, we will soon have to abandon the gasoline engine in favor of the shoe, but we need not worry about its changing our little ways of life; we will carry on just as before—only a little slower.



Longer journeys will be very difficult and, in time, the interstate road system may be abandoned through lack of use. If you are born in Milwaukee, you will probably die in Milwaukee.



Trucking will continue, but the proud cruisers of yesteryear will become a fading memory. Large objects such as pianos will tend to stay where they are.

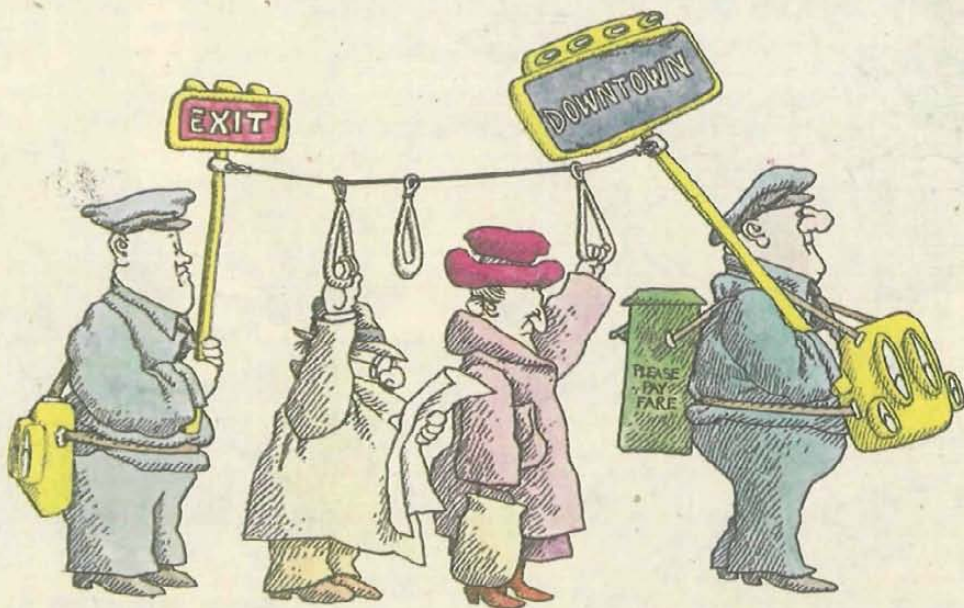
As usual, the rich and powerful will be inconvenienced less than anyone else. Indeed, it's probable that they will consider this more direct domination of others an improvement.

THE CENTER
LEFT LANE
NOT EXIST AS YET

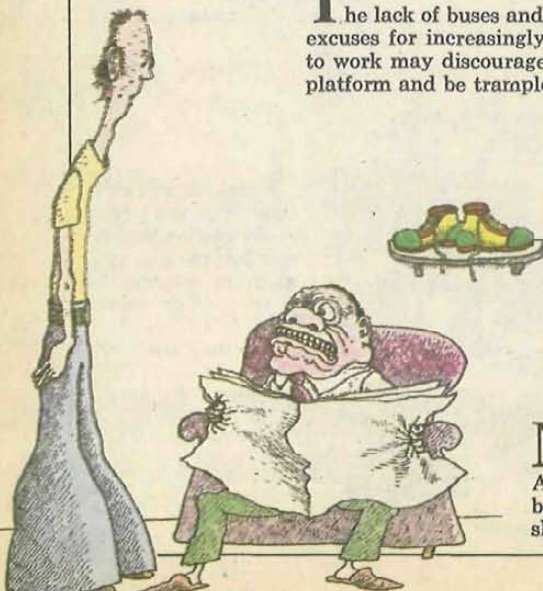
MINIMUM
SPEED
10 MI



Expressways will be easily adapted to the new traffic, but the traffic itself will have to strain to keep the steady pace needed for smooth transport flow. Older folk and cripples will be confined to back roads.



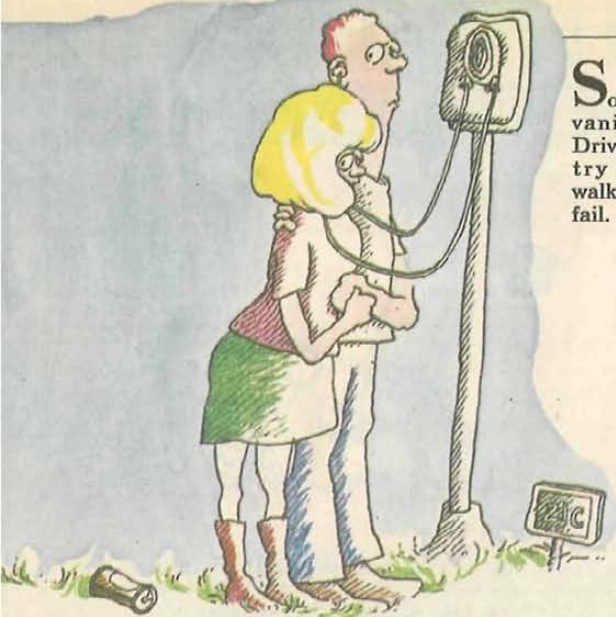
The lack of buses and subway cars will only give the public transit companies new excuses for increasingly poor service and higher fares. The idea of having to walk to work may discourage muggers. Now and then, someone will fall from a subway platform and be trampled by running passengers.



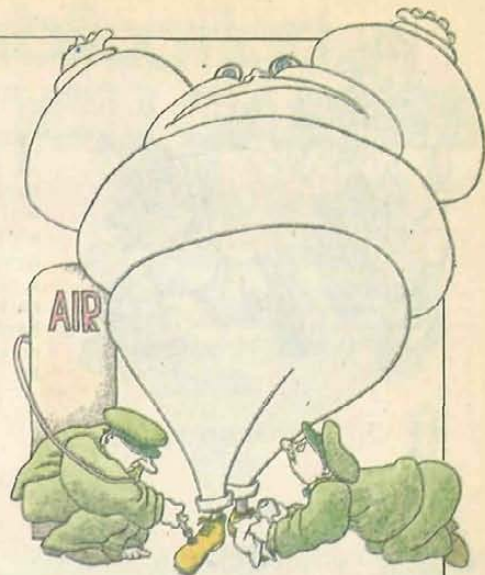
Most heartwarming of all, the great American tradition of father and son battling over who will use the family shoes will continue in full fury.

Motorcycleless gangs will be out of shape and fairly easy to outrun.

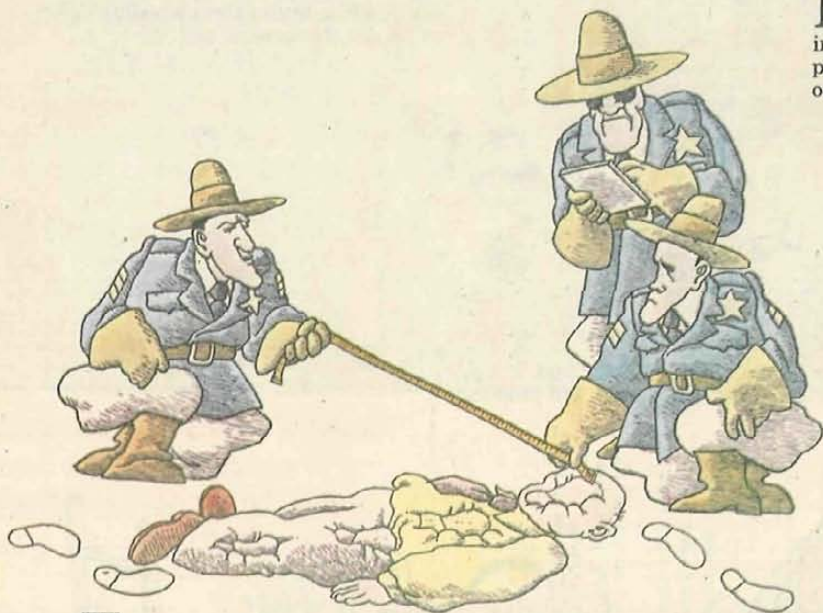




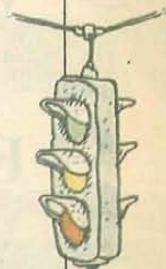
Some activities will vanish completely. Drive-in movies will try to convert to walk-in movies, but fail.



Many gas stations will survive by going into shoe service, but there will be problems in adapting to the change-over.



There will, tragically, still be hit-and-run accidents. Fruitless campaigns against drunken walking will be organized. Collisions with trees and road signs will produce fewer fatalities than before.



Drag racing will be quieter and burn less rubber.

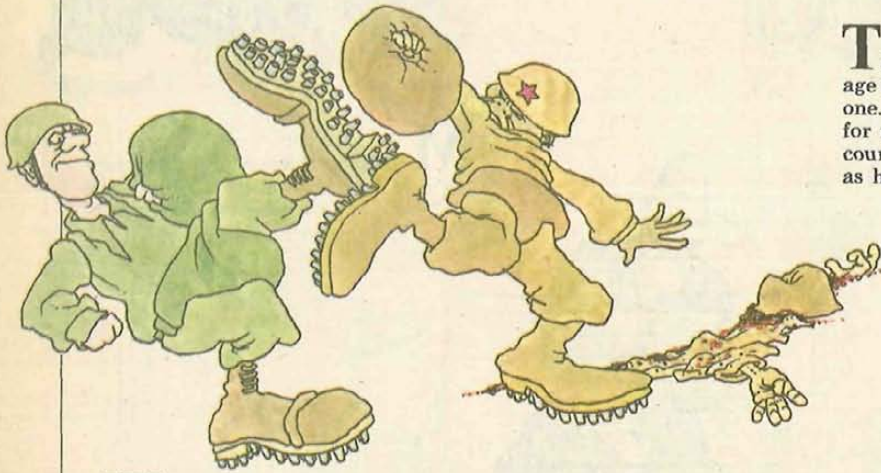




The competitive urge will continue, and shoe races will be enthusiastically attended. Now and then a souped-up sock or garter will burst into flames and give the crowd what it came for.



The wholesome virtues of the motor age will be carried on into the motorless one. Dad will have the fun of shopping for new "boots," and salesmen will encourage him to give them a testing kick as he did the tires of old.



War will be modified, perhaps for the better, as in the Tank Corps action pictured above. The return of sailpower to the Navy will produce some very pretty battles.

Emergency services will deteriorate badly, since anything needed to be done quickly will not be. Ambulance patients will rarely survive their leisurely trip to the hospital, and the high speed police chase will become a thing of the past.



EXCLUSIVE! First Publication THE EARLY POEMS OF DON GARLITS

WARM ROD

INCORPORATING PSYCLE WORLD

NEW FROM CHEVROLET:
THE BIODEGRADABLE VETTE
BODY

CLASSICAL CARS:
AUTOS OF THE NEW YORK
PHILHARMONIC

\$1.00 JANUARY
1975

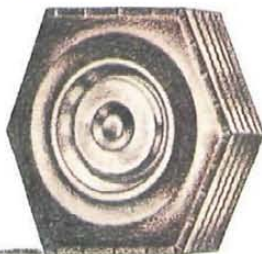


Printed in the U.S.A. by Eastern Star 7-95 with inserts
12,000 copies per issue



POWER PLANTS FOR YOUR '32 COUPE: A COMPLETE GUIDE TO
THREE-WINDOW GARDENING • **BODY LANGUAGE PART IV:**
THE RECEPTIVE AND TRUSTING QUARTER PANEL • **ORGANIC**
DRIVING STYLES: ALKI-FUELED ADOBE FUNNY CAR PUMPS 60W
PATCHOULI OIL • **DAHOMEY DRYSEASONATIONALS:** DOES THE 331-
INCH MOSK VITCH DIESEL MEAN INCREASING SOVIET
INFLUENCE IN THIRD WORLD PRO STOCKERS?

My tire works like nature's own foot.



Ordinary tires balance precariously on a single point of their round circumferences. Earth Tires apply many square inches of flat rubber to the pavement.

My tire is completely different from any tire you've ever ridden on. It's a tire for your whole car, not just your wheels.

It was designed by study-

ing the ground, where tires spend almost all their time.

I call my tire The Earth Tire.

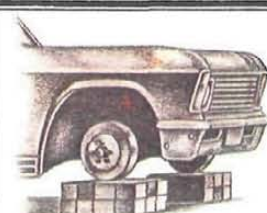
The tread of my tire is molded from a healthy tire track in the sand.

The inspiration for The Earth Tire came one day while I was walking on the beach. I was looking at a pair of tire tracks in the sand and suddenly I realized something very important.

All tire tracks are perfectly flat! Yet, every tire that had ever been made was completely round!

It's more natural for your tires to be flat.

That may sound strange at first. But the only reason that tires aren't flat is because traditionally, our society has pumped them full of air. There is no air in my Earth Tire, only genuine traction-giving rubber. This helps keep your car level and in tune with the natural force of gravity.



To get an idea of how The Earth Tire works, put your car up on blocks and feel the amazing stability.

Flat tires alone are not enough.

Any tire can be flat. But the entire tread of my tire is flat in a very special way. As your car moves forward, its weight is shifted up and down in a rapid trotting motion—as healthful and invigorating as a long jog in the park.

Nature did not provide man with hooves. Instead, man was given shoes.

It took me ten years to perfect The Earth Tire. And I did it with several shoemakers in my native Denmark who not only worked with me but actually wore these tires to test each experimental modification.

Come try them. You will see, perhaps for the first time in your life, what it is like to have your car walk around like your feet do.

KRAPSO® Earth tires

As with all successful ideas and inventions, there are imitators.

The Earth Tire is patented. It cannot be copied without being changed.

Be sure you're getting the real thing. Remember: If it's only flat on one side, it's not an Earth Tire.

"The Earth Tire" is a registered trademark of Krapso Pediplut, Inc., Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley, California.
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Ert Krapso

THE LAST WHOLE CAR CATALOGUE

access to parts



\$5

The Whole Car Truck Store

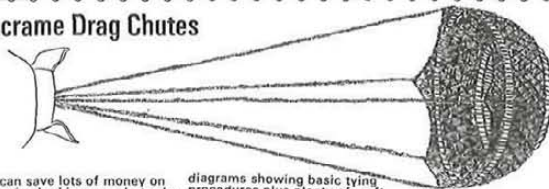
635 Madison Ave.,
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Macrame Drag Chutes



You can save lots of money on expensive braking parachutes by macraming your own at home with the aid of Virginia Dooley's *Knot Now!*—a guide to traditional and contemporary knotted yarn parachutes with helpful

diagrams showing basic tying procedures plus plenty of craft hints to give surface enrichment and beautiful textural depths to that explosion of delicate cord patterns at the end of the quarter-mile.

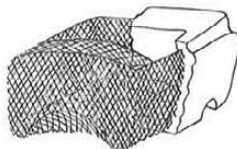
Yogi Guppy



Engine Yoga

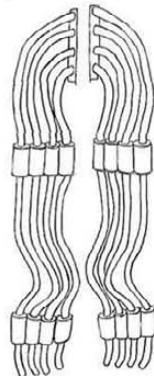
Engine yoga is a method by which restless vibrations in your engine are stilled and energy is directed into the constructive channels of the drive shaft through the transmission of divine torque. Exercising your engine every day according to the principles of Yoga will put it in a new state of tune—beyond ignition timing or carburetor jet adjustment. Your engine will be in tune with the rhythms of the entire universe.

Concrete Roadster Body



A rough-and-ready roadster body can be built from beach sand and cement: Form a Bucket-T mold of damp sand; mix in a little fast-setting cement for the outer layer. Cover with polyurethane, then add approximately 4 layers of 1/2" chicken wire interlaced with steel rebar. Plaster over with 4 to 5 inch layer of beach sand and quick-setting cement mixed 2 to 1 with a minimum of water. Result is a six-inch thick fireproof material with great potential for safety on street or track.

Catalytic Converter Systems for your Chrysler Hemi



Heads for heads from Cosmo-Noxide Headers in Palo Alto, Cal. If you're worried about the decible and smog pollutants that man has produced in America, this company manufactures complete muffled catalytic converter exhaust systems for all hemis and hemi recasts. You cannot expect 6 sec. e.t.s with Cosmo Noxide pipes, but we must all learn to live with less power if we hope to preserve the earth's biosphere from our own self-extinction.

WARM ROD

INCORPORATING APRIL 1975
PSYCLE WORLD Vol. VI No. 4

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COVER: Neil Mahr, in his Super-Press '27 T B/Street Rod, lines up against Wayne Jesel in the Jesel Brothers and Clark D/Altered Camaro for a match race kicking off the National Sensible Motoring Championships at Raceway Park in English-town, New Jersey. Mahr won with a total of one failure to signal a lane change, two parking tickets, and uncurbed wheels on a hill vs. Jesel's three improper left turns, passing in an intersection, excessive use of the horn, and illegal exhaust cut-outs.

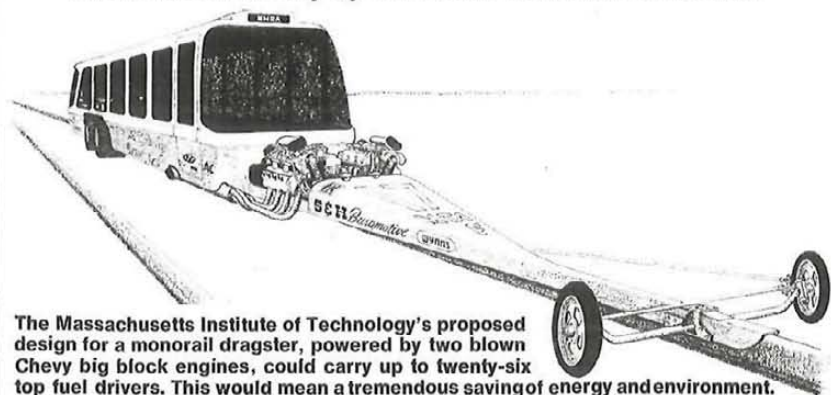
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Editorially Communicating

A statement of beliefs and goal-orientations
written communally by the Warm Rod Staff collective.



The Massachusetts Institute of Technology's proposed design for a monorail dragster, powered by two blown Chevy big block engines, could carry up to twenty-six top fuel drivers. This would mean a tremendous saving of energy and environment.

The development of a modern, efficient, mass dragster system is, obviously, the only long-term solution to drag strips choked with automobiles, and with the smog and noise those automobiles produce. Whatever lingering doubts there may be about the efficacy of mass dragsters should be quashed, at last, by this year's quiet, uncrowded, and accident-free Rebel 500. All fifty-two starters finished the NASBUS-sponsored event with the win going to Buddy Baker, Cale Yarborough, David Pearson, Benny Parsons, Dave Marcis, Roger Penske, Mark Donoghue, Gary Bettenhausen, George Follmer, Bobby Isaac, Lee Roy Yarborough and Bud Moore in the Continental Trailways' Continental Trailways. The Baker-Yarborough - Pearson - Parsons - Marcis - Penske - Donoghue - Bettenhausen - Foll-

mer - Isaac - Yarborough - Moore stockbus was powered by a new Peterbilt 900 cu. in. turbo-charged diesel and clocked an average speed of 82.6 mph with only six rest stops. Down in the rests, builder Ray Nichols talked volubly about the future of stockbus racing. "This is the third race now in the NASBUS Grand National series," he said, "and I tell you, it's the coming thing. It's safer, cleaner, more efficient, there're fewer emissions, and the decibel level is way down. Just look at those healthy vegetables sprouting in the infield—damn it, it does your heart good!" Nichols' enthusiasm is shared not only by NASBUS members but also by the Sports Bus Club of America. Their Sceni-Cruise road race series has been a spectacular success with about six new

(Continued on page 140)

POST IMPRESSIONISM

ECO-ECHOS

Congratulations! Nat Hentoff's article on back-pack spoilers [Feb. WR] was great! As director of The Sausalito Plant Orphanage, I am especially interested in ecology-conscious hints and tips about fuel conservation and I'd like to pass on an idea we've been promoting here in Marin County. If every American put a brick in his or her gas tank, we would consume 57 million fewer barrels of oil each year. Thanks again.

Kadi Scott
Pier 5
Sausalito, Cal.

CONTROVERSY: MINORITY E.T.S

Right on, Warm Rod! Your January editorial putting down Schockley and his b.s. about gene-linked reaction times causing slower quarter miles for blacks told it like it is. But I think that an important reason for the lack of prominent Afro-American race champions is being overlooked. The rules and regulations for almost all race events are written by

middleclass white males without any consideration for the radically different cultural experiences of minorities (or women). Therefore, how can traditional, linear, drag racing possibly measure the true ability of minority competitors?

Many changes need to be instituted if we are to achieve justice in all drag racing. Citizen review boards are a first priority, and must be followed by grassroots community involvement for an end to the system of fuel and gas class oppression in racist racerism and also at the same time creating a viable alternative which will give meaning to such important cultural values of the Afro-American drag tradition as the Dynaflo transmission and swivel-mounted chrome horse hood ornaments with reins that attach to the steering column so the head turns back and forth when they go around corners.

Elliot Rosenstein
Ann Arbor, Mich.

(Continued)

RE-CYCLING



Replica Indian Cycle

The latest replica bike comes from Reproduction Cycle, Inc., in Berkeley, California. Their Travois II is an accurate full-scale copy of the middleweight Shawnee bike so popular with the plains Indians from the time they migrated to North America till the introduction of the horse. Travois II replaces the original buffalo skin and bent wood construction with a modern steel frame and skid plate and durable polystyrene lodge poles.

"Frame geometry was an important aspect of Indian bike building," says Al Welikov, Reproduction's President and chief designer. "The Shawnee used sinews and wet rawhide, which shrank and joined the frame components with great rigidity. We use an arc welder." Travois II drivetrain components are optional and can be ordered from the factory or owner-installed.

The Travois II has the flair and classic good looks of the Indian original at about a tenth of what that collector's item sells for. And what's more important (unless you're an absolute purist), it has the advantage of modern materials and a new generation of dogs.



Mini-Test

The U.S. Department of Transportation has announced that the Ford Pinto meets all 1975 motorcycle safety and emissions standards.

The Pinto is a first-rate, long-range touring bike. Its 2792cc liquid-cooled in-line four (similar in design to Suzuki's new 750) provides smooth and quiet power through a Harley-style dry plate and clutch. Admittedly, the Pinto is sluggish off the line, but acceleration is steady and sure with virtually no engine vibration even at highway speeds, and unlike most shaft-driven bikes, there's no discernible torque pitch.

Handling is not super-quick and is further marred by a manual shift, but after all, that's now what a touring bike is for. And low speed control is surprisingly good for a bike this large and softly sprung—there's no tendency to wallow or fall over in slow turns.

A disc front drum rear combination gives adequate braking power. Engine access is good. The seat is incredibly comfortable, even with a passenger on board. And full faring is standard equipment. Over all, we'd say the Pinto rivals any BMW R90 for that cross-country jaunt.

(Continued)

HE'LL STICK WITH HIS OLD "SHORT"

I'm sorry to take exception with your usually excellent fashion coverage, but I think the longer, mid-thigh "French look" in team windbreakers, is to be blunt, frumpish.

Richard Petty
Greensborough, North Carolina

THIRD-EYE-GLASS

Just finished your January ish. Irwaddy Vishnu's article on Windshield Insect Deaths was really heavy. Aum Shanti.

Bhagavad-Gita Lieberman
Brooklyn, New York

NEW CRITICISM ON SUSAN SONTAG

Susan Sontag must be off her nut with those specs for .100 clearance on a full-race 427. That MLA fueler will go home from the strip in a bookbag!

R. P. Blackmur
Toronto, Canada

Ms. Sontag replies: *Chevrolet engineering recommends only .020 inch of exhaust valve clearance and .015 on intake for a 7500 red line and factory specifications claim .100 is plenty for both under any conditions.*

SUSAN SONTAG ANTI-CRITIC

Susan Sontag's commentary on the Modern Language Association Chevy 427 Good Guy engine was nothing short of excellent.

Malcolm Muggeridge
Swansdown, England

FUEL FOR THOUGHT

Could sure dig more how-to riffs on alternate power for Pro Comp and Stock eliminators. All the brothers and sisters here at the People's Free Speed Store were really into the riff you layed down about that dude from San Diego with the solar-powered T-Pickup. Sure was a bummer about his getting caught in the rain there in Michoacan, though—those Mexican jails have *bad vibes*. Anyway, like we've really gotten into the whole natural earth trip with a real trick Mustang II running a compost powered Ford Boss 429. We pump a mixture of organic kitchen waste and goat manure through a pair of Holly 6224 carbs on an Edekbrock manifold and after two or three days out in the sun you should hear that mother turn over! We're looking very together for the Summernationals if we can get the rice hulls out of the fucking valve guides.

Peace and Love,
"The Tribe"
Taos, New Mexico

Lewiston Hartford's All-Electric GMC K/5 Blazer

OFF THE ROAD

IN NEW JERSEY



1. Ten 12-volt batteries linked in series fill the Blazer's engine compartment and provide power for two 3hp electric engines housed in the 4WD differential casings — no driveshaft means added clearance.

2. Tight squeeze—Blazer maneuvers between storm sewer and parked car, heading for a tight left around a family of ceramic ducks. Hartford: "We're planting squash and navy beans next month. Lawn is a waste of earth resources."

3. With 750 lbs. per horsepower, traction's no problem in any weather.

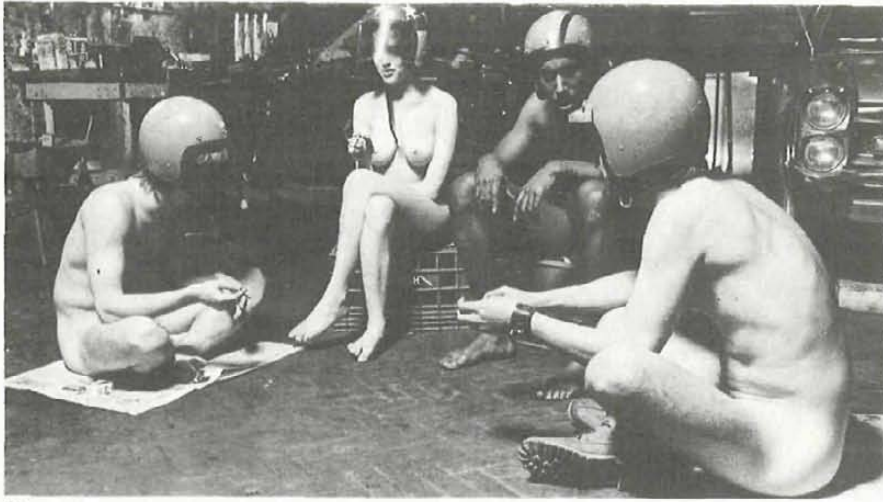
4. Eight-leaf front springs and four-way equalizer shocks keep K/5 "in control" through the rugged High Speed Bump country of central New Jersey.

By Annette Marigold ■ Whether it's a whole afternoon rolling across the undulating cinders of a big drive-in movie or just a few moonlit minutes squeezing through the narrow tracks of an abandoned grease pit, there's nothing that compares with the "good vibrations" of off-road driving. Lewiston Hartford of Montclair, New Jersey, has been "off the road" since 1969. "I was on my way to Woodstock on a BMW," he recalls, "and there was this total traffic jam. I guess I experienced a kind of satori right there. I just pulled my bike onto the gravel and away I went." Since then, Hartford has owned a Grumman aluminum canoe, a Danish oak-framed toboggan, and two pairs of White's black kid caulked logger's boots.

The electric K/5 was an outgrowth of some after-hours experimentation at the Princeton-based Ecographic Science Labs, where Hartford is a consultant psychologist in a pilot project to build battery-operated hydroelectric dams. "The environmental benefits of general utilization of compact rechargeable dam units would be tremendous," says Hartford, who received his B.A. in 1968 from the University of California. He specialized in clinical therapy for endangered species, and still feels very strongly that the use of drug and shock treatments is a poor substitute for the development of a thorough-going synthesis of viable interactive therapeutic techniques.

(Continued on p. 185)

RANDOMIZED "RODDING"



Nude encounter session in Abeline's Lone Star Speed shop.

Last year, Al Spaulding and two of his crew from the Lone Star Speed Shop in Abeline, Texas, attended the Esalen Institute's three-day California Nude Team Encounter session at Fremont Raceway. Since then, the whole shop has gotten into group sensitivity training, and they now hold four encounters a week at the Star garage.

"The T-Group has really been a positive thing for all of us," says Spaulding.

"We've gotten some heavy insight into our interdependencies as human beings, and yet, at the same time, achieved greater sense of inner self. Mike Rose, our machinist, for instance, used to have some real hang-ups about hand-honing a cylinder. I mean, everything was cool with the fine grits, but he'd get really uptight with the coarse stone—start sending out weird vibes and bringing everybody down if they didn't pour on enough

honing fluid or something. Now he's a lot more mellow. Sure, sometimes Mike's cylinder bore'll look like a post hole, but he's got it together that all that affects is, like, his money and career scene, and not *reality* or anything. We still race, but we can't get into winning anymore because it's such a power trip, and anyway, it's how the drivers feel about each other that's really important."

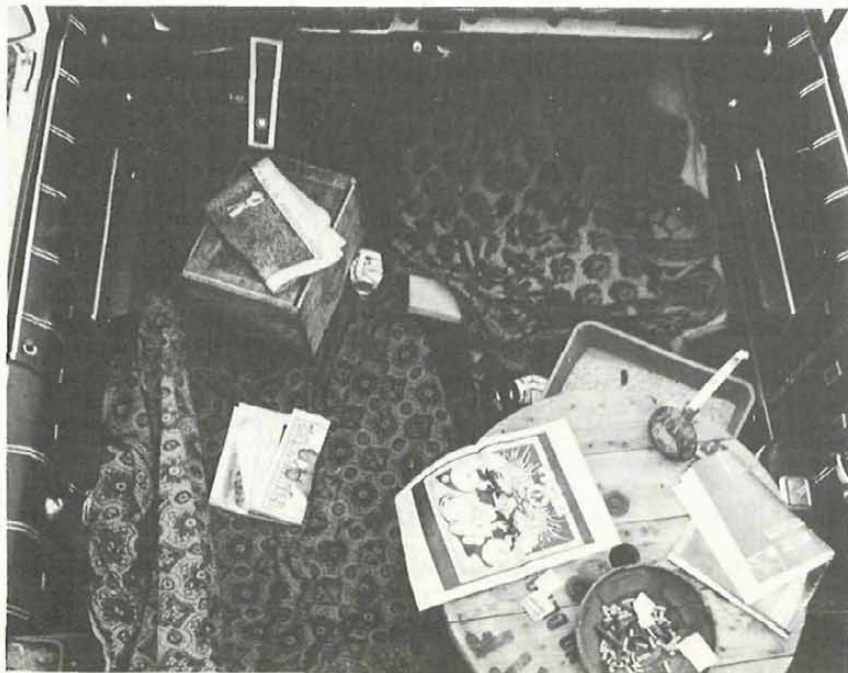
The first El Mirage Dry Lakes record meet to be run under the auspices of the Environmental Protection Agency ended as we went to press.

Tommy Hobsite made a two-way pass at 55 mph in his Chrysler powered A/Lakester. Tim Lobel clocked 55 mph in a converted belly tank D/Lakester. The Webster-Heller team scored 55 mph in their E/Production Vega (reputedly with factory help). Clark Carlo's dual engined Engleham Ford streamliner pulled 55 mph in the unlimited International class. And Craig Breedlove's Spirit of '75 jet car averaged 55, with one one-way run at 55.

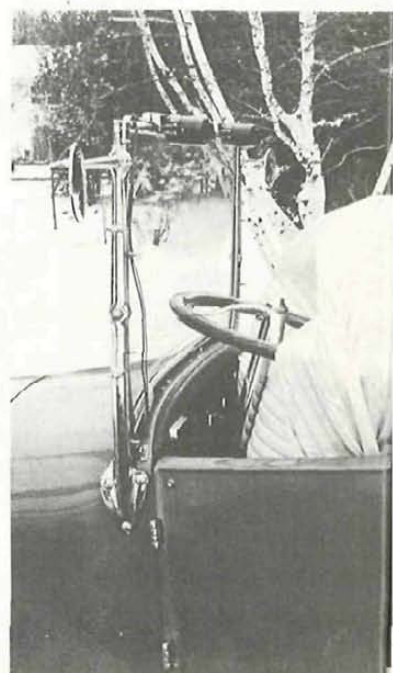
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The New York Rod and Custom Show 1975 judges' panel was made up entirely of women. Show organizer George Rickley stated that he and the show directors made this decision "in an effort to counteract the traditionally chauvinist image of the western world's automotive subculture."

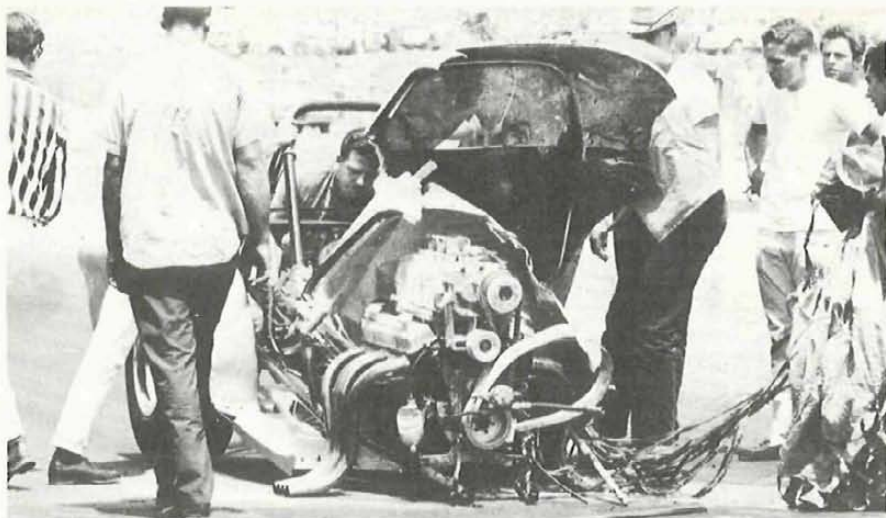
The new judges' panel,



New York Rod and Custom Best-in-Show ...



and runner-up.



Zen Machinist Gabree drives own BB/A blown Chevy in Japnationals

Don Varian

chaired by activist Lyn Irby, made it clear from the onset that this year's awards would be very different. After a conference with representatives from women's and third world car clubs, the panel announced that prizes in all categories would be awarded on the merits of interiors and upholstery alone, because, in the words of Ms. Irby, "too much attention is already paid to bodies in our society."

Best in show went to the New Hampshire Gay Women's Grape Strike Collective's "Participatory Driving

Space" Buick with second place for the Harlem Food and Car Insurance Co-op's rolled and pleated naughyde air-bag "Safe-T" roadster.

* * *

Can talking to your engine improve performance? Research at the Antioch College School of Engineering would seem to show it can. Professor David Standish has been conducting experiments on a randomly selected group of factory-prepared Chrysler 360s. The blue-

printed mills were run on dynamos under uniform conditions of temperature and humidity. Standish claims there was a difference of up to 15 bhp between engines that experienced regular exposure to human voices and those that didn't.

Voice perception may be only the beginning of engine awareness. Standish also thinks he may have detected emotional responses in engines: When a departmental secretary, well-known for her cautious driving habits, entered the lab, Standish

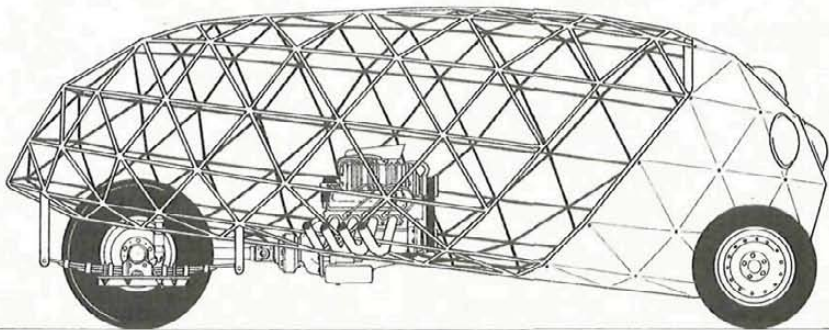
noticed a 6 ft./lb. torque increase in the two nearest engines; while the entrance of a lead-footed grad assistant caused a dramatic drop in power.

* * *

R. Buckminster Fuller's Generalized Design Science Exploration team will field a **Dymaxion Funny Car** next season. The truncated geodesic rhomboid polyhedron body will be fabricated out of plywood and 2-inch pipe. Power will be by Ford but displacement is still up in the air because of Heisenberg's principle of indeterminism, which has established that the act of measuring always alters that which is being measured, thus turning experience into a continuous and never-repeatable evolutionary scenario.

* * *

Top engine builder **John Gabree** spent the past two years in a Japanese monastery studying to become a Zen machinist. Traditionally, Zen machinists use no micrometers and align all drill and lath work by eye.



R. Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion Funny Car.

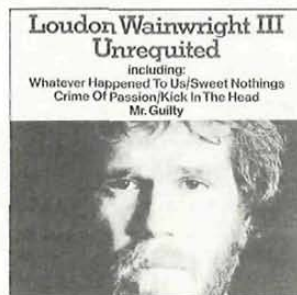
APRIL FOOL'S GOLD



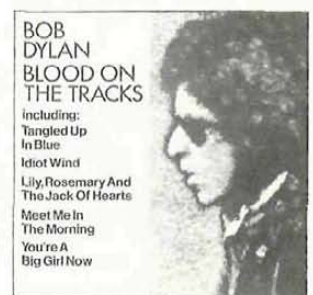
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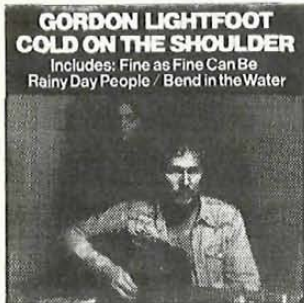
on Atlantic



on Columbia



on Columbia



on Warner Brothers



on Warner Brothers



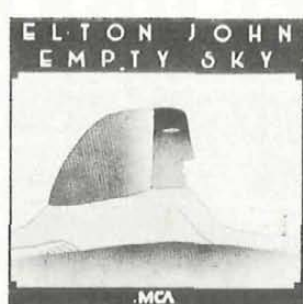
on Manticore



on Epic



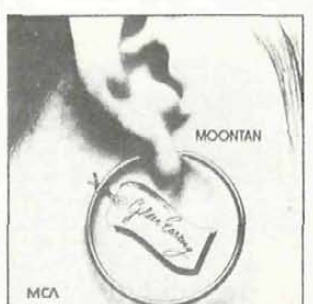
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on MCA

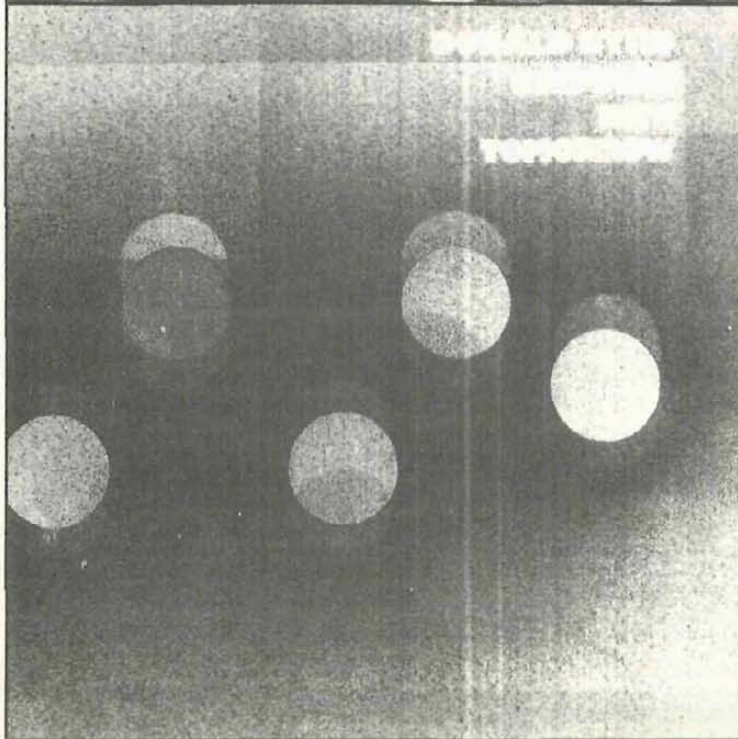
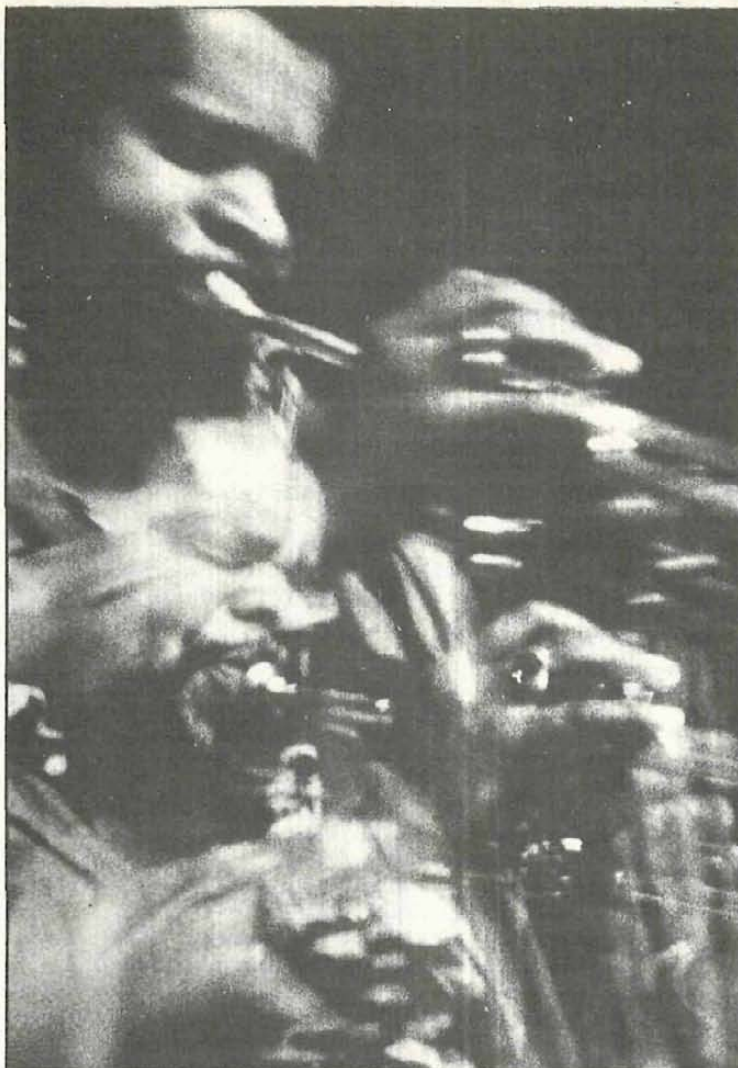


on ABC



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disc records



Few modern musicians become legends

From Blue Note The Home of the New Music... Donald Byrd

in their own lifetime. Donald Byrd has done it with a career that spans 20 years and several milestones.

His last two recordings, "Black Byrd" and "Street Lady," were the most successful albums in the 30 year history of Blue Note Records. And his new album is one of the biggest steps he's ever taken.

So, if you'd like to know what Byrd is up to now, try "Stepping Into Tomorrow."



On Blue Note.

© MCMXXV United Artists Music and Records Group, Inc.

Journal and yesterday representatives of three different motor-pomades pressed me to wear their dusters and spat insignia.

The Model S will be famous. I can feel it.

Meanwhile, the pomade company's extra fiver will help me expand this workshop. Clara (my wife) says Edsel (her newest model) needs more garage space.

Also must find method for backing up out of narrow spaces. Clara won't get out and push anymore as she claims that is why Edsel's front grill-work grew in so odd after he was born. Don't see what's so odd about it, but enough jabber. Time (and ink) are awasting.

July 21, 1900

Model D: Not much here, I'm afraid. Cowcatcher keeps flipping up paving stones and firing them through the windshield.

Model E: The less said, the better.

Model F: Transmission defect sends all power to right wheel. Tends to veer off the road and run in circles.

Model J: Ill machined crankshaft causes blights of the liver and kidneys in test drivers.

Model P: Neglected to bore exhaust ports. Salvage as scrap (E. Feinberg, \$11.00).

Model I: Getting closer here. Worked perfectly until gas vent dripped overflow onto hot muffler assembly (\$7.60, E. Feinberg).

That's all so far. Model S will be better, looks promising.

June 22, 1900

Idea: Success is like a herd of cattle; it could be right around the next corner.

July 30, 1900

Busy busy as usual. A number of motor-pomade manufacturers and a large iron-monger concern have agreed to back the Ford Motor Company. Don't know how I came by the

name, just seemed to have a nice heft to it.

The Model S still has to be towed backwards every time it gets in a fix. So near, yet so far.

January 15, 1903

In a dream last night, I was piloting a Model S through the jungle when a huge serpent with a huge nose appeared in the road and swallowed me and the buggy up whole. While trying to light the headlamps and find an exit I hear a Voice call my name: "Henry Ford, put the thing in reverse, stupid."

It's a crazy idea, but it just might work.

January 20, 1903

Success. The new Model S runs like a charm... in both directions. Plan to start production as soon as we come up with a name for her.

March 22, 1908

Eureka. The first "Model T" rolled off the production line today. Wonder why I never thought of it before.

April 23, 1912

Model T has been doing very well. As I tell my stockholders: good value, good machine, good sales.

August 26, 1913

Been having some trouble with my blamed fool imbecile stockholders. They want "dividends." It doesn't seem to cut much hay with them that we need a new factory to replace the one burned down by the Association of Radical Caster Mongers.

February 15, 1932

Today my workmen tightened the last nut on my new V-8 engine. At last my hope of creating a fully operational station wagon is about to become a reality. All that stands in my way now is one more thing: artificial wood paneling. Those pups in research and development say it may be another

thirty years before we possess the proper technology.

Fiddle. If you want something done right, don't leave it to imbeciles. Tomorrow I am contacting Luther Burbank about his work with artificial trees.

April 2, 1934

A delegation of Japanese fellas dropped by today. Bought up those surplus Model Zero combine engines cash. Inquired politely about secret weapons I might have lying around. Told them I was fresh out—sold the lot to those Krupp brothers to make into farm machines.

Little yellow fellas were disappointed, but they took some wax casts of my tools and dies as souvenirs. Helped them call travel agent in Detroit and book tickets for sightseeing jaunt in Hawaii.

Can't figure why they remind me of you-know-whats. Hardly any noses.

June 22, 1915

Log entry number one. Well, we've been at sea three days now on our cruise for peace. I think that chartering this ship just may "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas," as the very fine slogan thought up by Mr. Allan Jaspers says.

I've been spending some time in the engine room jawing with the chief oiler. He's no congressman's brother and that's for sure. He tells me that the big oil smashing Diesel engines that they have down there are really pretty reliable and there's no fear of getting becalmed in the dog latitudes as long as you watch the head temperatures and keep a steady drip on the shaft bearings so the screws don't seize up. No sealed lube nonsense here, by gum.

(It is curious to note that Ford received the following letter from Rudolf Diesel some years earlier and had scrawled across it in black enamel paint, "Cylinder-headed kraut's finally stripped his gears." —Ed.)

continued on page 79

EMBROIDERED SHIRTS FROM MEXICO \$12.95



Made of 100% cotton unbleached muslin. Natural styling. Perfect with jeans. The wedding shirt is available with navy blue or brown embroidery. The marijuana shirt is embroidered with the colors of the plant. Generous length sleeves. Quality workmanship throughout. Sized 5-M-L-XL.

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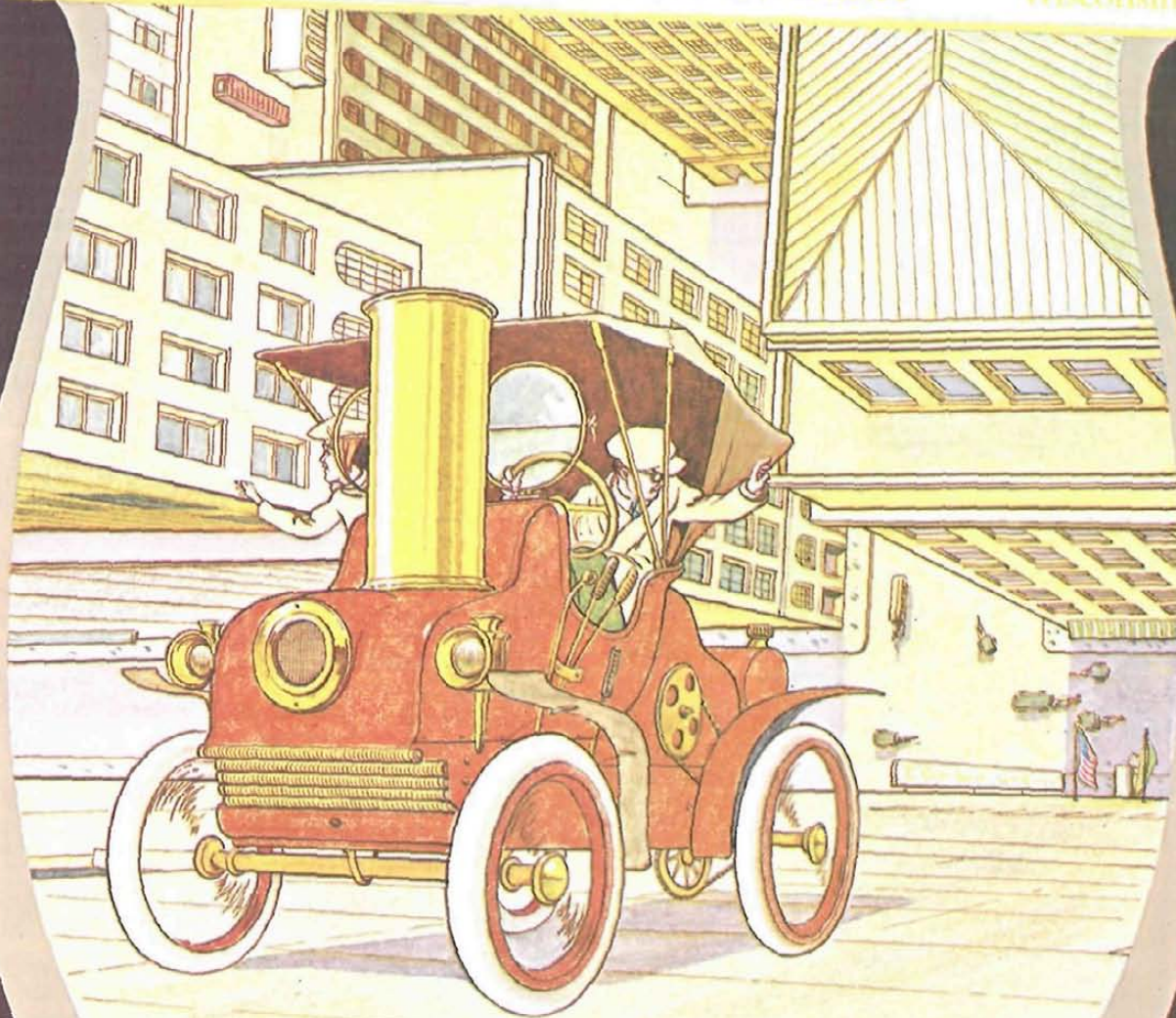
Bulge-Buggy

1906

Mt. Everest

"THE CONTRAPTION OF MERIT"

Wisconsin



by Bruce McCall

Such a Blessing! Saw-Tooth Gearing on the Belgian Design!

All the Rich Folk Want the Bulge-Buggy



A Familiar Scene at the
New York Exchange
Nowadays



What, you have some money? Then you should seek out a Bulge-Buggy agent and pay what he asks.

Stiff will be his terms. But any price is cheap against the alternative, which is to be sneered and jeered at as "the fool that don't know cars."

Even hard men crack under such

And some have plundered family trusts to get at money to buy one.

It is not pretty, but it is very wise.

humiliation. The privileged should note that eminence is no shield here. Our lunatic asylums are packed with idiots, once men of high affairs, who were hounded to the breaking point because they could not or would not recognize the Bulge-Buggy as plainly superior.

Then you will still not invest in the Bulge-Buggy? Well, there is one cheaper investment. It is a pistol. Buy one if you will not purchase the Bulge-Buggy, for in time you will be goaded into using it on yourself.

All Poisons Extracted Why are the wealthy all agog over the Bulge-Buggy?

It is partly because they so value their babies. You see, gasoline engines as fitted to inferior makes secrete poison fumes. These addle the minds of motorists and make them crash into trees. Whereas, we have fully eliminated this Silent Menace by means of the *oil recuperator*. It cleanses all fumes so that a baby can breathe them in, they are that pure.

Will you let Baby perish, or will you buy the Bulge-Buggy? Think, man, think!

Saw-Tooth Gearing on the Belgian Design The slums of our large cities teem with one-handed men; did you see? They are all ruined now because useless for

any work. Had they been around machinery with saw-tooth gearing

on the Belgian design, their hands would not have been chopped off.

Do not pity these cripples; you cannot help them now. But think about your own hand. Would you like it all mangled when you go to start up your auto, or adjust its sparking? Or do you value all you hold dear and who hold you dear? Some men think it their duty to specify saw-tooth gearing on the Belgian design. They think it life insurance in novel guise.

The Bulge-Buggy is the *only* auto with saw-tooth gearing on the Belgian design.

A Miraculous Arthritis Cure A prominent Michigan chiropractor (name supplied upon request) has done some tests. Accordingly, he vouchsafes the

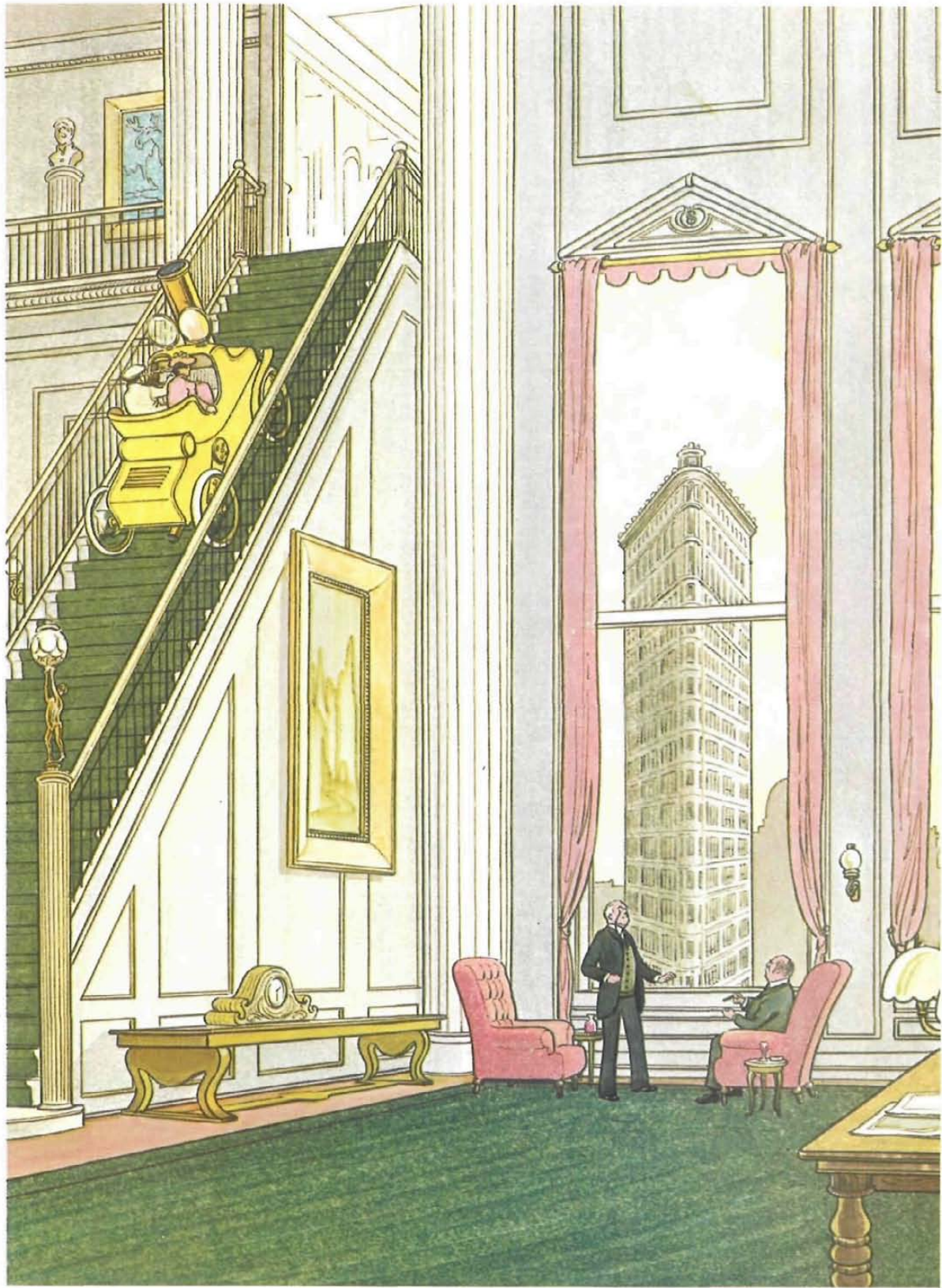
Bulge-Buggy's gentle, vibrating motion as a cure for arthritis and epilepsy and some forms of flatulence.

Thus, the elderly rich need not travel to Wiesbaden or Marienbad to take the cure. Each only needs to buy the Bulge-Buggy.

If you know of an elderly rich person so afflicted, clip off this page and send it away to him or her posthaste.

Four Engines Packed in One The Bulge-Buggy employs the famous Naphtha-Oiloid-Vapodox-Electricitator Engine principle, whereby com-

pressed air runs a steam boiler that manufactures electricity that pro-



“What, you did not buy a Bulge-Buggy? You are a fool and I shall close my business accounts with you, for any man so d____ simple makes a bad risk!”



"Father, I shall quit Yale and take work in an ice house, forsaking all your plans for me, unless you should give me the money for a new Bulge-Buggy!"

duces naphtha gas that mixes with petroleum oils to fire the pistons. It is the largest and heaviest engine and the only one with a funnel. It is in its effect four engines packed in one, and the only engine to spark, smoke, steam, and hum all simultaneously. Rich people admire it for the way it reminds them of ocean steamships, transcontinental railway trains, electric power stations, and the fireworks displays at the St. Louis Exposition at one and the same time. This engine is mighty, so mighty that to disclose its horsepower would be to start a panic among stockholders in competing auto firms and bring down the New York Exchange.

Among the improvements in the Bulge-Buggy of 1906 can be counted a stout hook that allows it to be pulled along by a team.

**Fed
as a
Horse
Is Fed**

Rich men hate soiling their hands with canisters of gasoline and the like. You know this. And here arises another happy thing of the Bulge-Buggy. It is not filled like a car with fuels but fed like a horse, with a clean and sweet-smelling substance known as *Motor Mutton*. You can get it only from us, post-paid, and cheats beware that any other fuel obtained from any source will explode your engine.

Every ten-pound bag of *Motor Mutton* is a high-class mixture we guarantee to run the Bulge-Buggy up to four hours. Ladies love its aroma and we hear that children are taking it as a dainty or snack. Mothers approve, for it is a potent diuretic.

You will want to order several hundred of sacks of *Motor Mutton* from us to make sure that your Bulge-Buggy can run when you need it. You will not only want to but will have to, you see.

**Gear
Paste
a New
Feature**

Now, many autos suffer from jammed or sticking gears through slipshod workmanship. Wealthy men are angered

by this all too common annoyance; one of whom we know, in Philadelphia, got a heart attack, then an-

other, and so on. He passed over finally.

The Bulge-Buggy has a permanent 100 percent cure for this. It is a tube of Gear Paste you can carry in pocket or purse and squirt at the gears when they jam. But do not go hunting for it at garages and the like; it is available exclusively through us. (College men find it an excellent unguent for removing blemishes and pimples, too.) The gears of the Bulge-Buggy never stick, but order several tubes of Gear Paste anyway, to be on the safe side.

**Won
the Cuban
Hill
Climb**

The Bulge-Buggy of Mr. Dubby has licked all other contraptions in the Cuban Hill Climb, have you heard?

This sets to rest all jealous murmurings and slurs on the Bulge-Buggy and cannot but make the deepest impression on the minds of rich people, who "like a winner and despise a quitter."

If you are a rich man, you will need to know that the Nev-R-Fail and the Whizzer, both which have claimed parity with the Bulge-Buggy, are now out of business. The Presto-Motorix firm has gone in receivership.

There is a patent suit filed against the Hiawatha Tri-Moto-Chaise's makers. So the choice daily narrows and sober men, men of means, think to sink their funds into the Bulge-Buggy.

"Bulge-Buggy, Bulge-Buggy, tick o'er the miles,
Bulge-Buggy, Bulge-Buggy, wreath us in smiles,
Bulge-Buggy, Bulge-Buggy, touring how fine,
Bulge-Buggy, Bulge-Buggy, saw-tooth gearing on the Belgian design, O!"

—A Popular Refrain

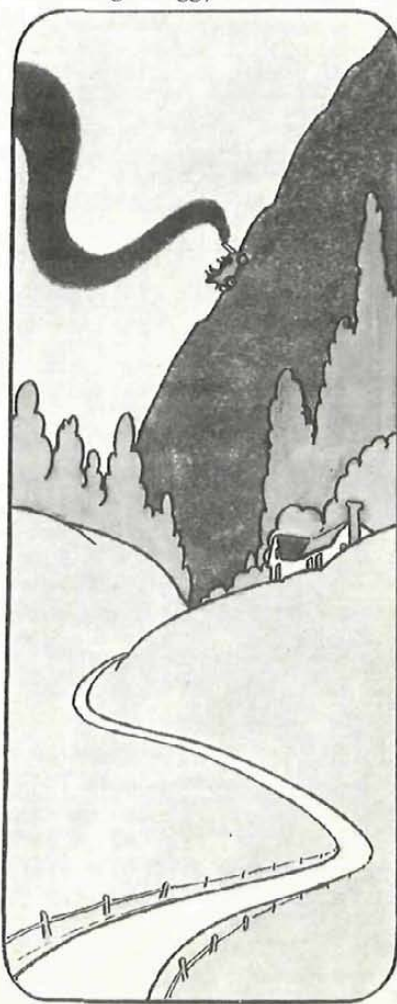
Perhaps you have heard the help below-stairs singing this? If not, teach them it. Tell them this news as well, that the meat will not go bad en route from butchers to larder when conveyed via the Bulge-Buggy. The speed of the machine warrants as much.

**A
Rubber
Storm
Apron**

Beside the Bulge-Buggy proper (in Trap, Stanhope, Barouche, Victoria, Berline, Chelsea, and other styles — see back cover) and some *Motor Mutton* and some Gear Paste, any rich man will demand as his due, and pay extra for, a rubber storm apron, leather top with winter curtains, ditching gear, shovel, two acetylene lamps, picnic hamper, flower basket, two glass flower vases, repair kit, knitted throw, mud robes, extra wheels, start crank, naphtha strainer, boiler gauge, tire-mittens, radiator gauntlet, water thermometer, magazine rack, bread-box, and one can touch-up lacquer.

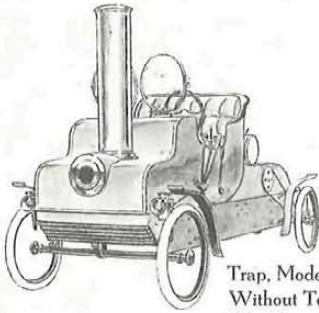


"Some will get in their slippers at home while others will get in their Bulge-Buggy and roam."

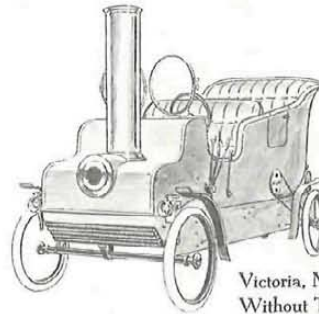


“A Democratic Choice of Bulge-Buggies for the Dictators of Society”

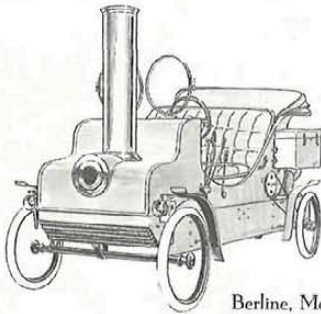
Every Bulge-Buggy is intended for private service in rich families, so the cheapest model confers vast prestige. Still, buy a more expensive model if you can afford it, for your neighbor also knows what the Bulge-Buggy costs and will blab it about should you opt to spend the least amount possible.



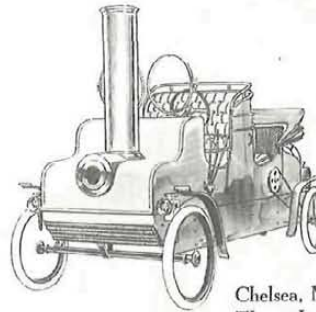
Trap, Model 22 Price \$250
Without Top \$175
The Trap is our cheapest machine. Many agents refuse selling it, it is so bare.



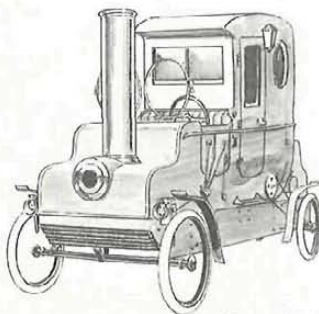
Victoria, Model 24 Price \$275
Without Top \$200
The Victoria makes a small appeal to the affluent as it is so plain and ordinary.



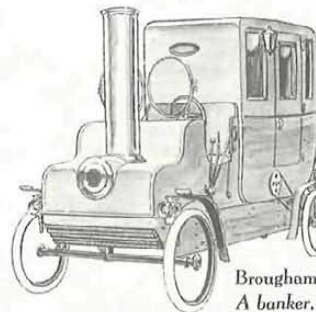
Berline, Model 25 Price \$325
Here is a worthy machine at last with a fine corduroy upholstery, not mohair.



Chelsea, Model 29 Price \$425
The rich man's meat and gravy is this. The Turkish Emperor has ordered up six.



Barouche, Model 31 Price \$550
Seen alongside the Barouche, a Chelsea is a sorry thing. All brass fittings.



Brougham, Model 33 ... Price \$605
A banker, drunk, ran a man down in his Brougham and killed him. No charges were laid and the police helped clean it off.

If you have money to spend, you should get in correspondence with us to learn where you can find a Bulge-Buggy agent. We will send you a brochure as well. If you have no money, your inquiry will be ignored and you will get no brochure.

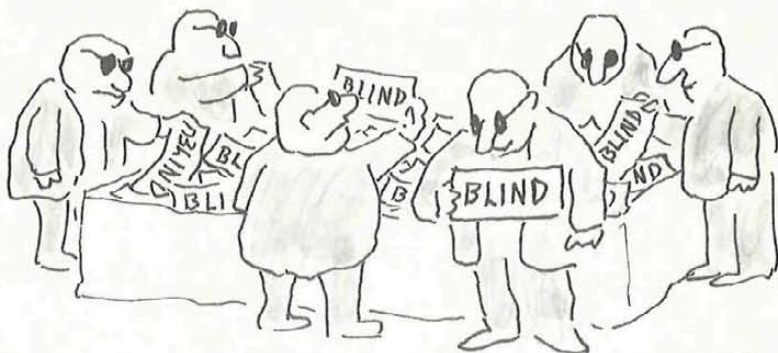
THE BULGE-BUGGY MOTOR CONTRAPTION COMPANY, INC.
MT. EVEREST, WISCONSIN

Mine Dearest Heinrich;

Vy haf you not been answering to my letters? Fifteen I haf zent you, and you not me one haf zent. I tell you all mine great ideas. I take der oil right from der ground unt smash it up chust like Gött intended. Take it from me, der schpark plug is Götterdämmerung crazy idea. Rudolf Diesel does not use der schpark plug, Rudolf Diesel schpew on der schparks. Gunter of Reisling zay to me chust der udder day dat der power uff mine engine vill giff man being free. It iss Gött's vill dat Diesel should invent der engine uff der new age. I chust give you prize opportunity to get in on der böttom floor uff der dawn uff a new age. Ve can be chust like der brothers marching vorward into der future bright mit der glorious music to be ringing in our ears unt our hearts. Too long hass man be in der power uff nature. Mit mine new engine mitout der schpark plugs he iss free to be pickniking on der grassy knolls uff imagination. Zö true iss dis! Mine new engine vill hew der vood unt draw der vasser unt look after der grocery store vile der shopkeeper blows his brains out on der dark beer uff der Rhineland undt bounces der frauliens on hiss knee.

Zöme people laugh at der ideas uff Rudolf Diesel. Zöme uff zem efen throw rotten cabbages at him. Dis iss always der fate uff der mench vith the chenius to zee der possibilities uff schmashing der oil right out of der ground. Der people zay der oil is dirt from der ground and der dirt from der ground vill nefer do der houseverk. Laugh day will now until day zee Rudolf Diesel lying in his hammock all der day long hafing his fatty zausage chewed by Valkyries. Also dey don't be zinging my tune maybe Rudolf Diesels big oil schmasher make dem dead. Yah der truth. Iff dey don't get out uff der road mitt schpeed Rudolf Diesel run dem ofer and make dem flatter dan der frenchies, pancakes. Den der people vill zay der he goes, Rudolf Diesel, der great benefactor uff mankind who made der engine to schmash der oil right as it comes from der ground. Dat vill be a proud day for Diesel. I vill schtand on der table unt make a schpeech to all der Chermans. Yah, I vill zing like der Thuringian Minnesingeren from vich I am un proud descendant. Dey ere a poetic people Heinrich unt

continued on page 89



S. GROSS

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Absolutely . . .
She won't even notice your zits.



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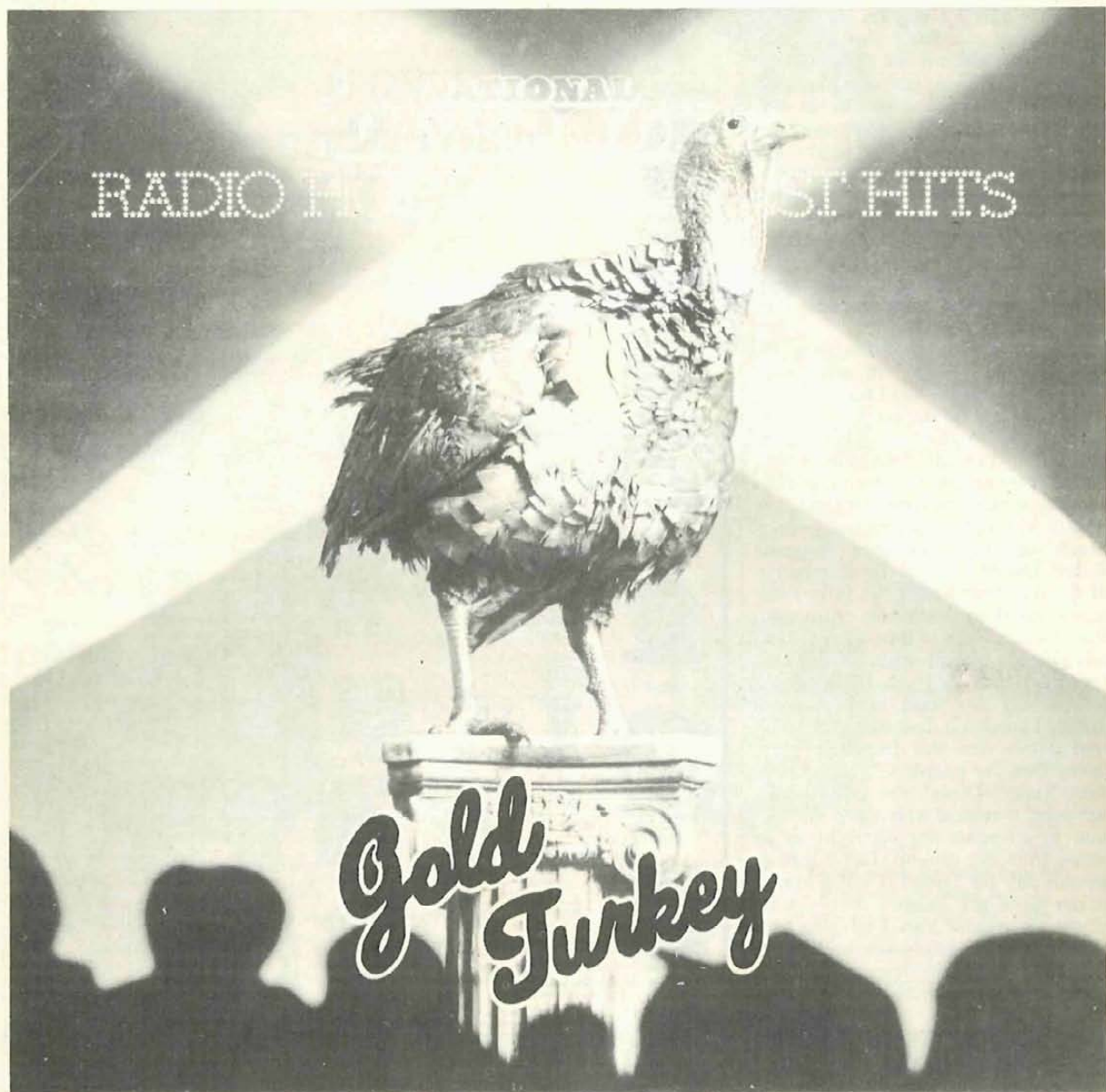
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"Photo" Look

"Glitters"

Now it can be gold.

**The best
from the radio show that was
too funny to stay on the air.**



Available on Epic records and tapes.

Look for details on Lampoon's contest to be announced shortly in your local newspaper.





FUNNY PAGES

WUTS

REMEMBER WHEN IT FIRST BEGAN TO DAWN ON YOU THAT THERE WERE LARGER WORLDS THAN THE ONE YOU LIVED IN, THAT THERE WAS A LONG WAY HIGHER UP FROM WHERE YOU WERE, AND YOU MIGHT NEVER SEE THE TOP?

DID YOU ENJOY YOUR VISIT AT BOBBY BILLINGS, DEAR?

YEAH, IT WAS OK. BOY, THEY MUST REALLY BE RICH! THAT HOUSE HE LIVES IN IS REALLY BIG!

THEY DO ALRIGHT.

NO, I MEAN IT'S REALLY BIG! AND THEY'VE GOT ALL THESE PEOPLE WORKING FOR THEM ALL THE TIME. THERE'S THIS GUY WHO EVEN DRIVES THEIR CAR. AND THE STUFF BOBBY'S GOT TO PLAY WITH IS SOMETHING!

SOUNDS PRETTY FANCY.

AND YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE LUNCH WE HAD! IT WAS LIKE IN A RESTAURANT, WITH A—

ALRIGHT, I GUESS YOU HAD A NICE TIME THERE, BUT DON'T LET IT FOOL YOU. THOSE PEOPLE REALLY DON'T LIVE MUCH BETTER THAN WE DO.

OK—THAT STUFF ALL LOOKS GOOD, BUT WHAT YOU HAVE TO BEAR IN MIND IS IT ISN'T IMPORTANT—IT REALLY DOESN'T MEAN ALL THAT MUCH. MAYBE THEY CAN HAVE A FEW THINGS AND DO A FEW THINGS WE CAN'T—BUT SO WHAT? IT ISN'T ALL THAT IMPORTANT.

BULLSHIT.

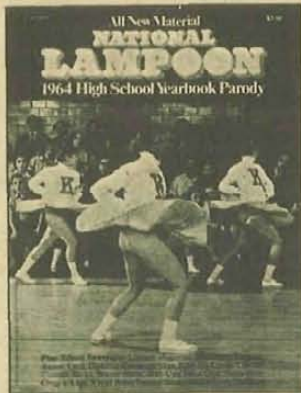
Edman Wilson

WHOLE MIRTH CATALOGUE

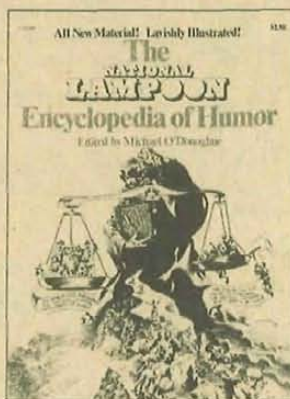
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National Lampoon Posters



I AM THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND (P1006) \$1.50

DETERIORATA

GLACIALLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT COMFORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A piece thereof. Avoid quiet & pensive persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your toes. Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and heed well their advice even though they be turkeys know what to know and when. Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that three do. Whenever possible, put people on hold. Be conducted that in the face of all anxiety & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. Remember the Pueblo. Since, at all times to bond, lift, synthesize & guarantee. Know your self if you need help with the FBI. Exercise caution on your daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you. That lesson on your left, for instance. Be assured that a walk through the means of most needs would actually get your feet wet. Fill out in love therefore it will stick to your face. Carefully remember the things of youth, birds, than are you, towards and let out the seeds of time get in your back. Have people with looks. For a good time, call 606-5511 ask for Ken. Take heart amid the depressing gloom that your dog is finally getting enough attention and reflect that whatever maintenance may be yours, let it be only by some in Milwaukee. You are a flake of the universe you have no right to be here, and whether you can hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. Therefore make peace with your God whatever you conceive Him to be: Harry Truman or Osama Bin Laden. With all its loopy, dramatic, postmodern, & urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. Give up.

DETERIORATA (from Radio Dinner, the National Lampoon comedy album) (P1005) \$1

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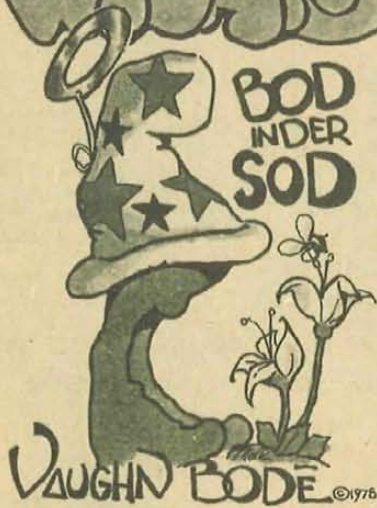
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(please be sure that your zip code is correct)

BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

GEEK WIZARD



FRANKENTURD DONE GOT DAT
FUKER CHEECH... I SMACK
HIS BALLS WIF MY BOARD
... DEN, I DRAG EM' TO DA
DUMP WHERE I IS CURRENTLY
KILLING HIM SLOW.

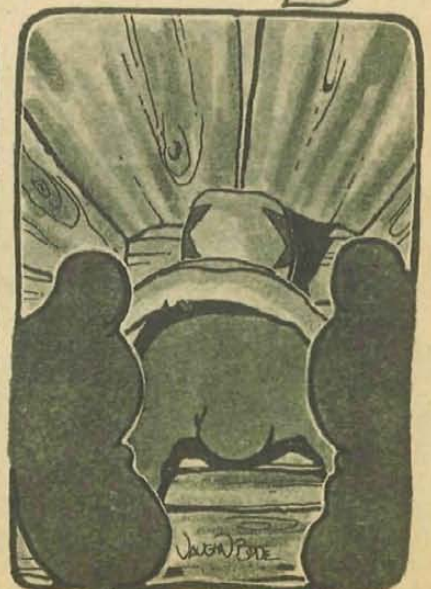
... I HAS BURIED DAHAT WIF
HIS WORM PALS... NOW, I SIT
ON DATS NOT WIZARD'S GRAVE.
AN FEEL GOOD WHILE HE RUN
OUT OF AIR, AN CHOKE, AN CLAW
AN POUND TO GET OUT... HE, HE.



AHH... WAIT, WHAT, WHAT'S
ALL DIS DARK SHIT?..
WHERE DAFUK IS I AT?!

OW, MY SORE BALLS! DAT'S WHAT
I GET FOR BUYIN' RUBBERS TOO
SMALL FOR MY BIG DONGER.
HUM, I SEEM TO BE INSIDE A DARK,
LITTLE UNFURNISHED ROOM. DAT
MUSTA' BEEN SOME PARTY!

WHAT A TWO-BIT FLOP
HOUSE... I HARDLY GOT
NOUGH ROOM TO JERK OFF.





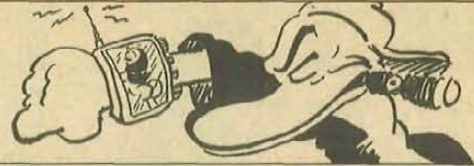
IDYL



© J. JONES 1975



DIRTY DUCK



BUY A DAILY DUMP MISTER DUCK? READ ALL ABOUT THE SKID ROW SLASHER AND HIS WINO VICTIMS!

BEAT IT, KID. THAT'S LIKE TELLING A JEW TO READ THE OBITUARIES IN AN AUSCHWITZ NEWS-LETTER!

I'LL TAKE A DUMP, "BUCKWHEAT," MY MAN!

SAH, HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE? THE DRUNK TANK, MAYBE? I KNOW - THE KING ARTHUR MASSAGE PARLOR, RIGHT?

MAYBE YOU SEEN ME IN THE "CHACK 'N' CUE" MASCHETTI'S THE NAME - VITO MASCHETTI.

MY NAME IS DIRTY DUCK AND THIS IS MACK THE KNIFE.

HMM - "SKID ROW SLASHER SLAYS SEVENTH SUSCEPTIBLE SOUSE" - CHRIST! THE OL' NEIGHBORHOOD AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE!

PERSONALLY, I THINK THIS "SLASHER" BUSINESS IS ALL PART OF URBAN RENEWAL.

PSST!.. DON'T WORRY, BOYS... I'M A COP!

AT LEAST YOU'RE AN HONEST COP - YOU LOOK LIKE A CROOK!

YEAH, WELL, IF I LOOKED LIKE YOUR RUN-OF-THE-MILL PIG, YOU'D SMELL THE SHIT ON MY FACE A MILE AWAY.

WATCH!...

-THE DOPE BUST MODEL!

LOW CHANEY MUST BE ROLLING IN HIS MAKE-UP KIT!

CLAP CLAP CLAP!!!

SLASH SLASH SLASH

HOW ABOUT: "SLASHER SLAYS EIGHTH SUSCEPTIBLE SOUSE"?

FWAP FWAP

"HIT THE JUICE AND YOU COOK YOUR OWN GOOSE!!"

I LOVE A GOOD BLOOD-BATH.

A-HENH!

SO MUCH FOR CLEANING UP THE STREETS.

FREEZE!

BACK OFF! WHATZAMATTER WITH YOU? YOU GOT EYES IN YOUR FINGERS? WE KNOW THIS IS ALMOST THE CLIMAX OF THIS ONE YEAR AFFAIR, BUT WE STILL HAVE TEN STRIPS TO GO!

STEVE, WHAT ARE WE DOING?

IS THIS HOW YOU WANT TO SPEND YOUR LIFE?

WHAT ARE WE...

STOP IT!

HUM?

JUST STOP WORRYING, JILL! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GIRL I USED TO LOVE?

FRIDAY + SA
The

WHITE OUL

REUSE PRICES

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PUT-DOWNS, THE TEASING, THE SEXINESS?

I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE TIRED OF IT!

NOT ALL OF IT, JUST TOO MUCH OF IT!

C'MON JILL LOVE ME LIKE YOU USED TO DO!

GOT TWENTY-FIVE BUCKS?

© 1975 B&W

NEXT: HEARTS AND SOUL!

"Getta JOB"



Have we got a JOB for you

You may not have a job right now, but JOB, that French Cigarette Paper Company, is making an offer you can't resist.

We've put together a kit, containing four of our favorite easy rolling, clean smoking JOB papers.

For \$1, you'll receive one pack each of our two favorite, one lick, no mess, double wide papers—White and Strawberry. And for you die-hard, traditionalist, single paper rollers, a pack of JOB Wheat Straws and a pack of JOB 55's white.



JOB APPLICATION

I certify that I am over 21 years of age.

Adams Apple Distributing Company
Dept. NL-01
2835 N. Sheffield • Chi., Ill. 60657

So, send me my JOB Sample Kit. I enclose my check or money order for \$1 to cover cost, postage and handling.

Name _____

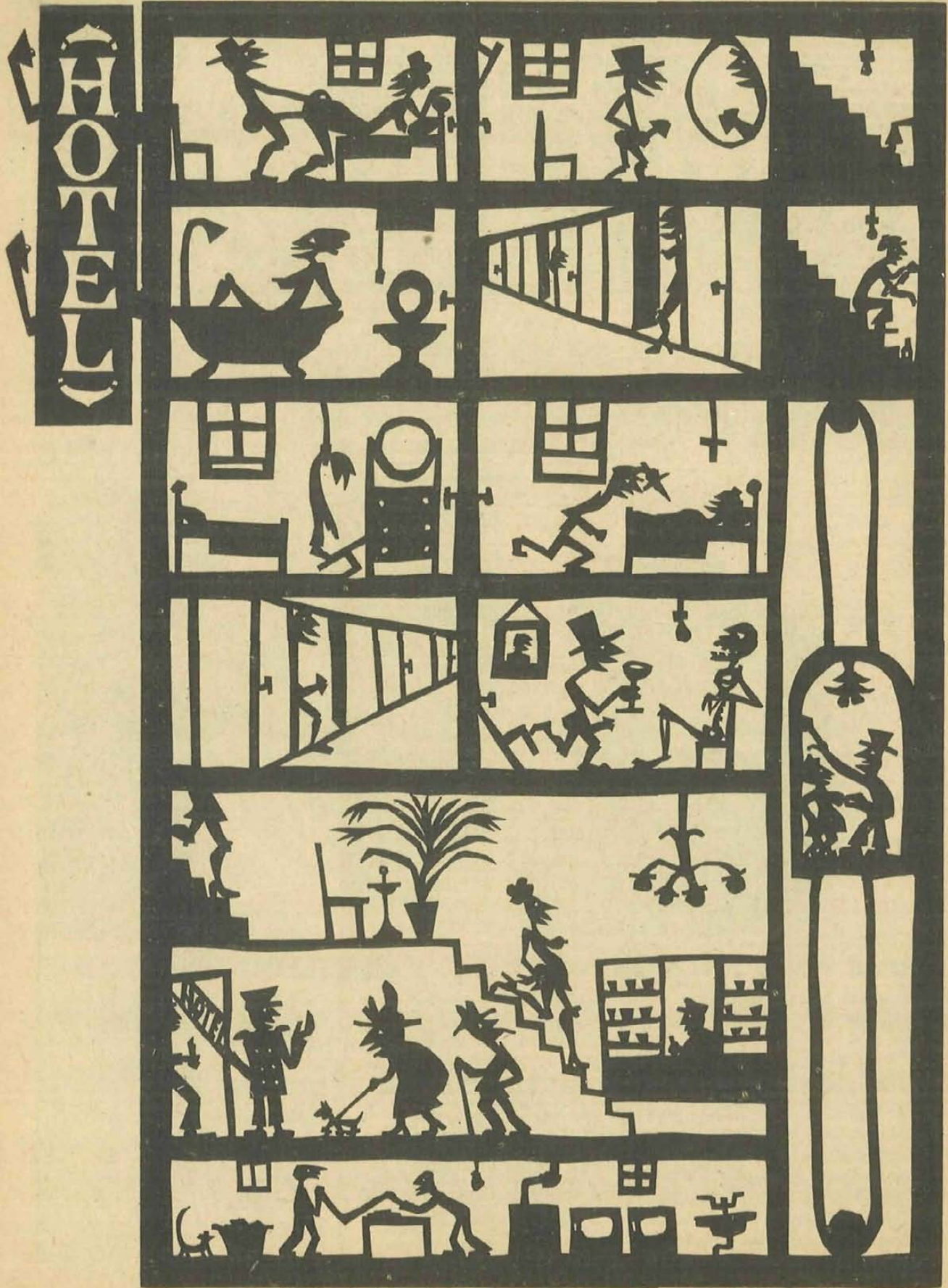
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City _____

State/Zip _____

Only one sample to a family, please. Please allow four weeks for delivery. Offer good only while supply lasts.

BROUGHT TO YOU FROM FRANCE BY ADAMS APPLE DISTRIBUTING COMPANY • CHICAGO



DIANA

would certainly be tickled by dee idea uff schmashing der oil right as it comes from der ground. Always I sink dat I shall make up ein zong about mine bigg schmaser engine but never am I seeming to get around to ziss.

Vell, I haf to be goink to verk in mine schop. Goot by, Heinrich, and giff up on dose schtupid schpark plugs or you'll blow your cabbage off.

Auf Wiedersein,
Rudolf Diesel

June 26, 1915

After lunch today, I made a speech to the rest of the passengers about our voyage. I told them there was a lot more challenge in fighting the bugs and kinks in this universe than there was in fighting some silly fool with a gun. The gun is a pretty simple machine. Just a hollow cylinder jammed full of flash powder and ball bearings.

After I had finished Captain Able got up and told a sea yarn that was quite interesting. It was all about the dangers of an area called the isosceles triangle.²

May 30, 1917

Told the annual meeting tonight the story about the ant and the grass-

²In his autobiography *Three Sheets to the Wind* (Harcourt Brace and World, 1956) Captain Able Duggan describes the dangers which confront mariners who venture to sail through the isosceles triangle. He states:

"When in these part a smart tar keeps a weather eye peeled for hypogriffs and yellow twisters. These are the worst things that can happen to a sea dog short of the sailors pox (sic). I remember well an encounter I had with this fatal pair. I was on a guano run from the land of the brown Catholics. It was my first command in these waters, and I did not realize the deadly danger we were placed in when a foolish deckhand tested his souvenir blowpipe on a floating Portuguese gas bag which was drifting peacefully by. The next thing I knew, the sky had grow dark and the wind surly and the men began to cry out for their lives. Then, when the elements were at the peak of their fury, a terrible visage appeared on the horizon. A hypogriff! To its right, a feared yellow twister raged, tearing up great chunks of the sea and throwing them into the sky. The hapless mariners began to cry and wail, some rending their oilskins in despair. I was certain that never again would we see our native shore, but would within the space of a few moments lie full fathom five. The hypogriff reared itself up in front of the ship. Gar, it was ugly and cruel bad acting. Just then, the seaman who had squelched the gas bag stepped on a plank which had been set wrong and it sprung a peg, flipping him backwards over the gunnel and into the sea.

In the space of a few minutes the sea again grew calm and the sky cleared. As the yellow twister receded over the horizon and the last ripple of the hypogriff died away as it sunk beneath the deep, I swore by my tatoo that never again would a sailor on my ship be allowed to harm a floating Portuguese gas bag."

hopper. Before the suds had settled, young Bob Willard was on his feet, saying something about a right to dividends and so on. I told them you can't have your car and crash it too, but still it looks as if they mean to go to court against me.

June 15, 1917

Double blast! I just learned the courts have ruled against me in this matter of the dividend. It's a sad day for this country when a man like simple Mike O'Doul can rule against the principles of thrift and good management. His honour Mike O'Doul (a congressman's brother) is a sour mash guzzler.

The only answer seems to be to buy out the stockholders. I'm going to buy out Bob Willard first.³ I'll be happy to be shed of him and his profligate ways.

March 17, 1926

Thad McDash in and out of my office all day. Nincompoop has been trying to come up with a vehicle to replace the Model A. Danged congressman's brother says that the other companies give a choice of colors, so we should give a choice of colors.

March 18, 1926

Idea: They can have any darned color they want so long as it's black.

March 26, 1926

Durn that Thad McDash. Can't get a minute's peace with him about. Told him today that I can't see any use in the world for a yellow car. The only thing it'd be good for is scaring the daylight out of poor Negroes and credulous country folk.

April 3, 1926

Young fellas keep showing me sales charts and graphs. Trying to tell me that this General Motors company is taking over with their blasted rainbow wagons. The only thing they're taking over is the tomfool imbecile market, and as far as that goes, they're welcome to it.

February 26, 1927

May have been wrong about the American people. I guess they do want a change, though why any one

³One of Ford's clerks apparently informed Ford that this Bob Willard kept a collection of salacious daguerrotypes in his desk and was frequently in attendance at cock fights. The clerk further reported that at one of the cock fights in question, Willard's wits were so fuddled with drink that he leapt into the cock pit to urge on his bird and landed full on the creature, killing the fowl and costing him the sizable wager he had placed upon it. Ford apparently discharged the clerk, having heard from his own mouth that he attended cock fights, and noticing the feathers.

continued on page 93

3 Steps to Erotica

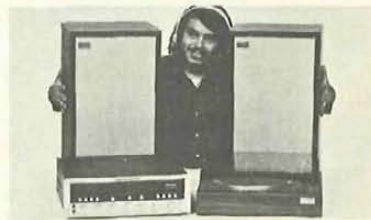
1. Rip out our erotic envelope, then check Step 2 to see if you qualify for enclosing a floating U. S. Dollar.



2. Our 64-page hi-fi catalog is free, but for a buck we'll also send you (A) Music Machine Almanac -- a 120 page color reference guide to the latest hi-fi equipment. Or (B) our own Professional Products Catalog...sound reinforcement and recording gear, mikes, synthesizers, guitar amps...at low Warehouse prices. Or (C) send \$2 and get the three volume set.



3. You'll get the catalogs via fast first class. And when you order a music system, components or pro products from us you'll save 20 to 30% and get speedy delivery...right to your door. Friendly and quick with no knock-knock jokes.

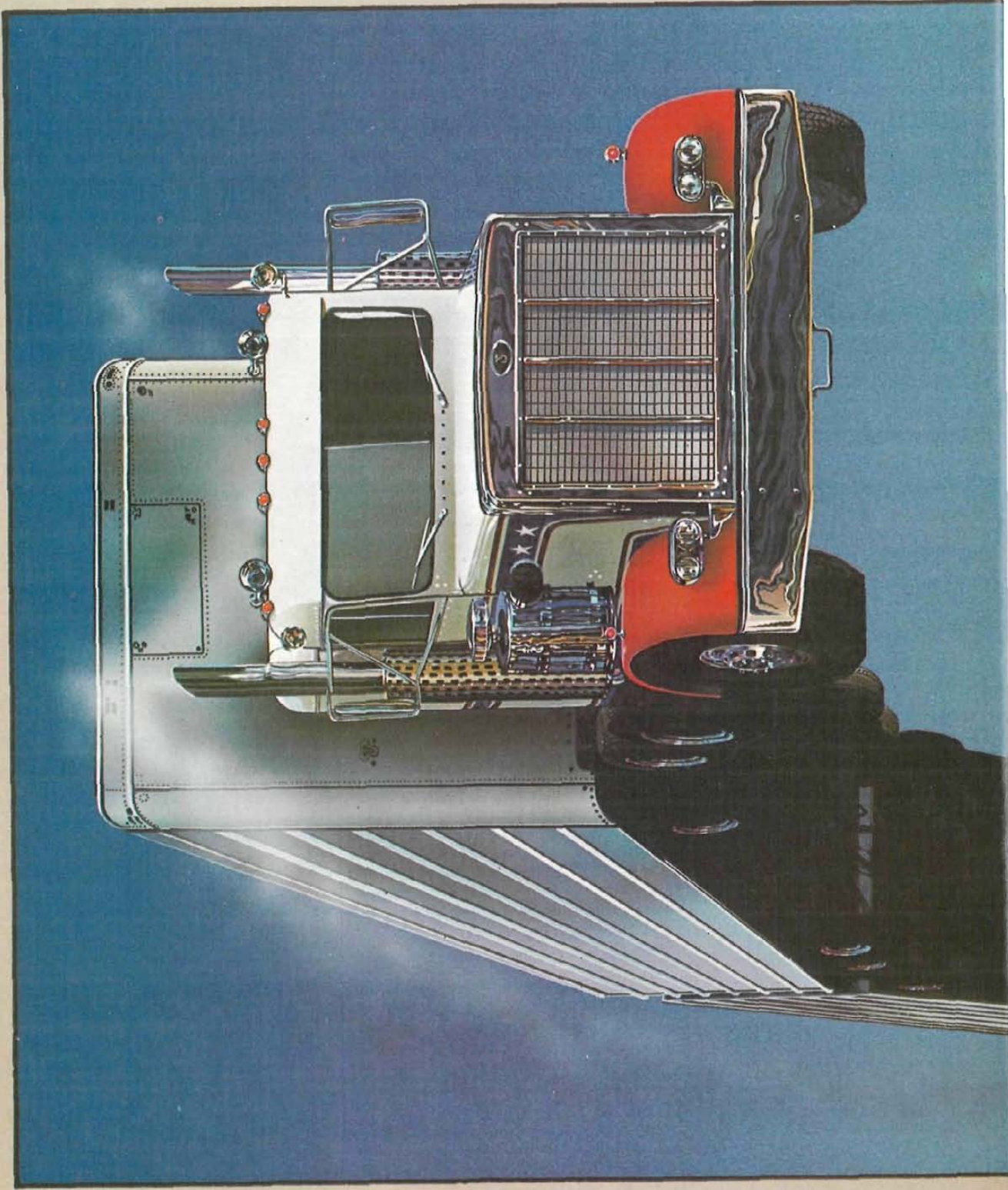


WARNING! If envelope is missing, ignore step 1 and write directly to:

Warehouse Sound Co.

Box S, Railroad Square
San Luis Obispo, CA, 93405
OR CALL: Joe, Larry, Don, or
Randy at 805/543-2330

X 4





World's Longest Truck Jump, 55' 7", March 12, 1975

Wayne McLoughlin in a Peterbilt Tandem semitractor-trailer
at the Mt. Carroll Fairgrounds, Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

Wanna go crazy? Lose your hair? Go blind? Get terminal acne? Become impotent?

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12 ISSUES \$12

PENTHOUSE

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wants to change from economy and dependability has me licked raw. Thad has come up with a design for some new contraption called the Model A, and I figure if I work on it for a while, it just might turn out all right. Hoping it'll run G.M.'s carriages off the road and into the cow pasture.

March 28, 1927

Body by Fisher my rusty wrench.

November 15, 1936

Edsel wanted to borrow the car again. Kid is such a klutz. Told him I didn't trust him with my car and he took Clara's Chevy. Says he's got some newfangled ideas for spiffing up the line. Power horns, built-in ironing boards, padiddle lights.

That, as the young whippersnappers on the line would say, is a hot one. And what's a forty-three-year-old like that doing without his own car in the first place?

They sure don't make them like they used to. Take me, for instance.

Please.¹

¹It is not clear whether this portion of the entry was in Henry Ford's own handwriting —Ed.

December 8, 1941

War, dognabbit.

Those Japanese fellas pulled a fast one last night at Pearl Harbor, and one of those guldurn bullets had my name on it. Unfortunately, Edsel tells me, so did some of the enemy airplane engines they fished out of the water. Better lie low this time, pacifism-wise.

Hard to figure, though. Always paid their bills on time.

July 15, 1942

That Rosenfeld fella in the White House is getting some uppity. Called up yesterday to say he didn't want artificial wood on the 10,000 tanks we delivered. And he wants plainer upholstery. Nixed whitewalls.

I told him if he didn't like quality American workmanship, order his next fleet from Kaiser Frazier. That was a pip. Kaiser Frazier.

Edsel arrived today with Mr. Disney to show me the plans for my automotive museum in Dearfield Village, Michigan. That Disney'll go far for an arty type—no limp handshake like most—but I told him thumbs down on the talking cars. Plumb irritating is all. Even a senile old crank like me

can see that. Hello? Tyke, is that you, fella?

Board meeting at main office today. Wanted to show them some sketches for that new V-168 propeller rocket but I forgot my magic slate and some fuzz-faced vice-president kept distracting me with my rattle.

I don't want to come in, it's still light out.

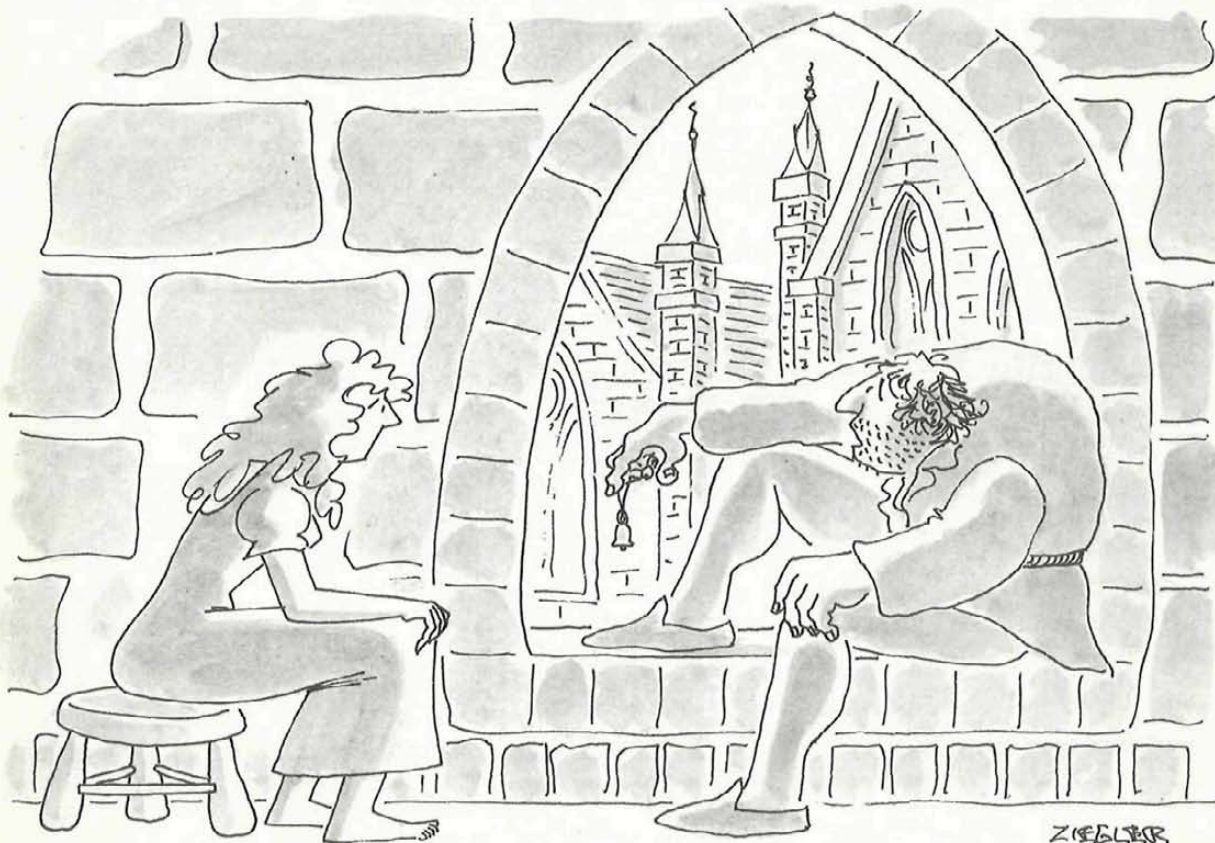
September 14, 1943

Feeling poorly lately. Plans for automotive museum almost complete. Just in time, too, for I feel the Workglove of the Great Engineer upon my coveralls. At least I'll go knowing future generations will marvel at the wonders in my Temple of Science: 203 different makes of gas buggy, the Discovery of Artificial Wood in thirty-six realistic life-size oil paintings, and that crackerjack replica of Tyke's dog dish.

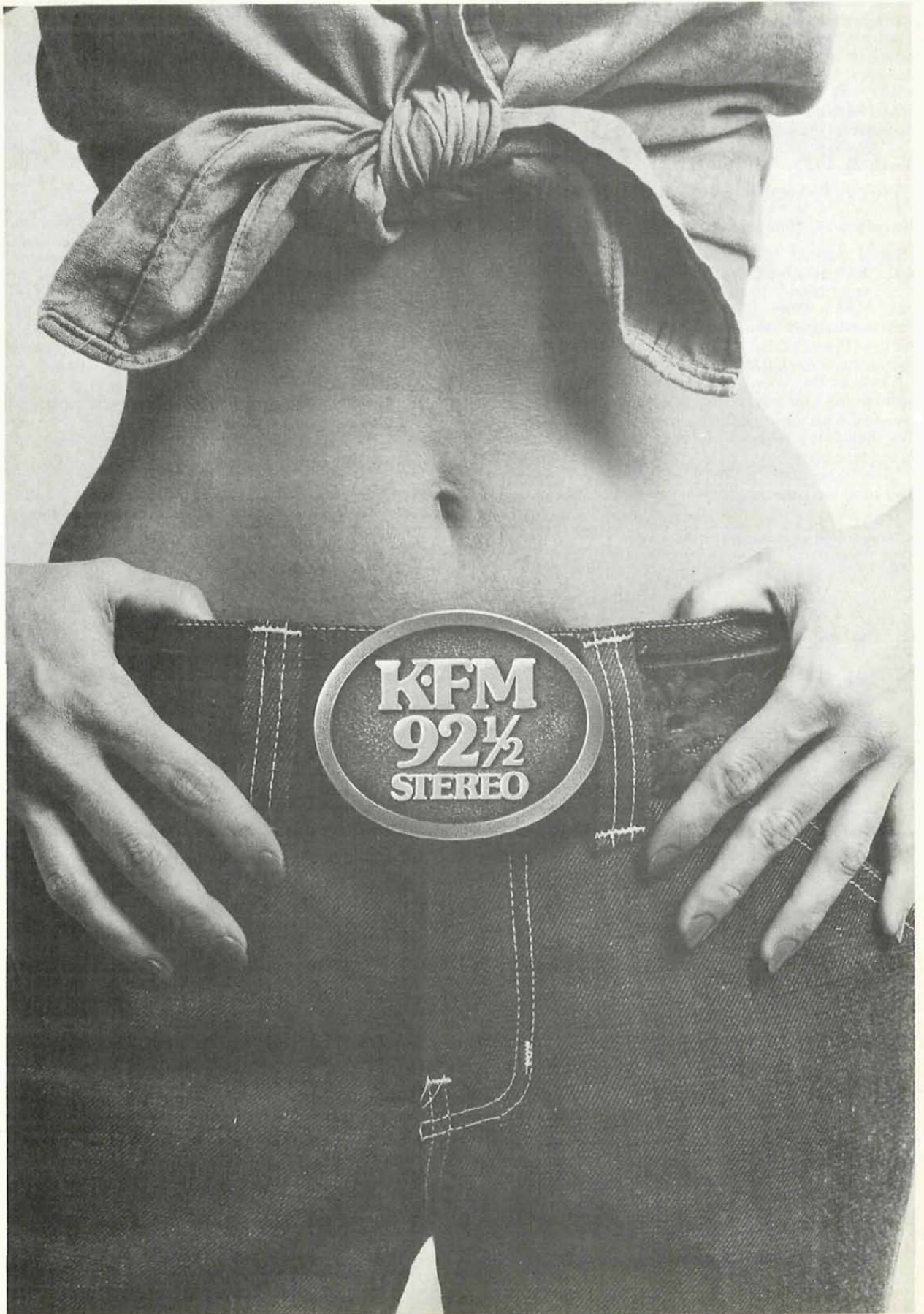
I don't want to go to school. I'm sick.

Wonder if the O'Hooligan brothers are in Heaven? Wonder if there's anything to do there? Fella has to keep busy.

Idle hands, after all, are the devil's tinsnips. □



"Actually I'm not even a real Modo, I'm only a Quasimodo."



MARIA MULDAUR IS ON THE FORCE.



So are
**JETHRO TULL, FLEETWOOD MAC, GRAHAM CENTRAL STATION,
FOGHAT, TODD RUNDGREN'S UTOPIA, DEEP PURPLE, TOWER OF POWER,
THE DOOBIE BROTHERS, GREGG ALLMAN AND VAN MORRISON.**



The Force is a two-record long-playing set from Warner Bros. Records, a firm known to its friends as *The Force*... or, more formally, *The Playable Plastics Detail*. It's available only by mail, and the price is an incredible \$2.00. That's because none of the artists on *The Force*



is making any money from it. And neither is Warner Bros. We're selling it at a rock-bottom price so that we can entice you with these full-length selections by the artists listed above and a good many others. Who knows? Maybe you'll go out and buy their albums.



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To: THE FORCE, c/o Warner Bros. Records,
P.O. Box 6868, Burbank, Calif. 91510

NL

I surrender. Send me *The Force*, and fast. I enclose \$2, and can wait six weeks for delivery. By the way, I understand *The Force* is available in the U.S. and Canada only, which makes me feel pretty exclusive. (Make checks payable to Warner Bros. Records.)

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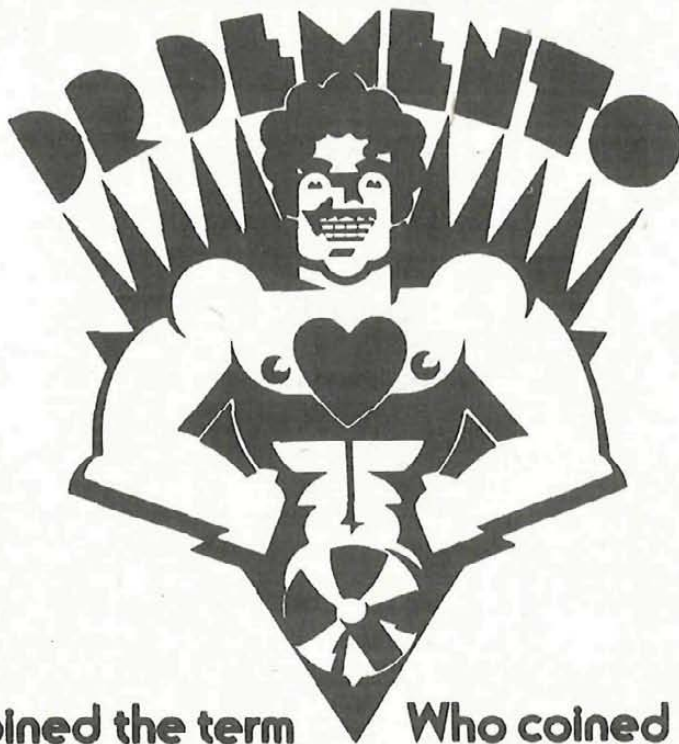
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Who coined the term
ROCK N ROLL?

(Alan Freed-1954)

Who coined the term
DEMENTIA?

(Doctor Demento-1974)

DOCTOR DEMENTO

"The Doctor is in"

on

KRLY

Houston, Texas

f m - 9 4

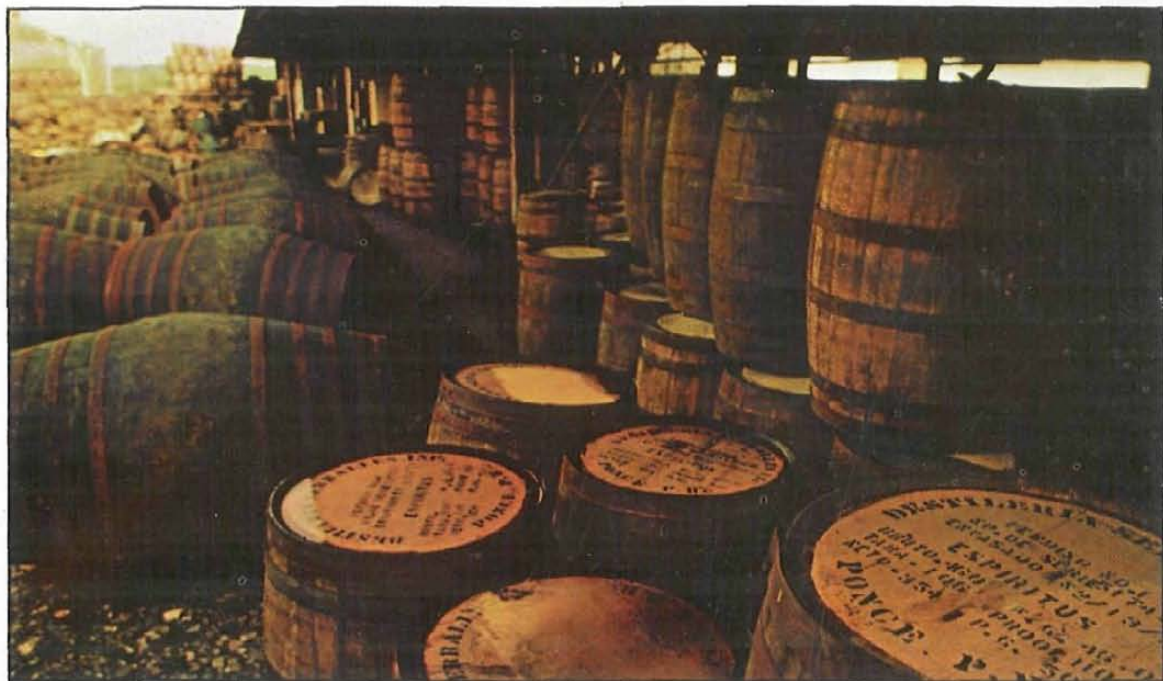


Sunday Eve

8 PM



WHAT'S BAD FOR BOURBON IS GOOD FOR GOLD RUM.



We in the rum industry are very thankful there's a bourbon industry. Because the people in Kentucky and Tennessee who make that fine whiskey also have very fine oak barrels.

And what's even finer, they can use the barrels only once. So the bourbon people put them up for sale. And we quickly buy them.

Though these barrels can't be used again for bourbon, what they do for our gold rum is amazing.

You see, any rum that spends time in a bourbon barrel comes out smoother and mellower. And a rum that is exceptionally well-made, even before it goes in, will be a superb rum when it emerges.

A rum like Serralles Don Q® Gold.

The Serralles family has been making rum since 1865. And a lot of good things go into our rum long before our rum goes into the barrel.

Like the finest sugar cane in the world.

And the skill that only comes after a century of rum-making.

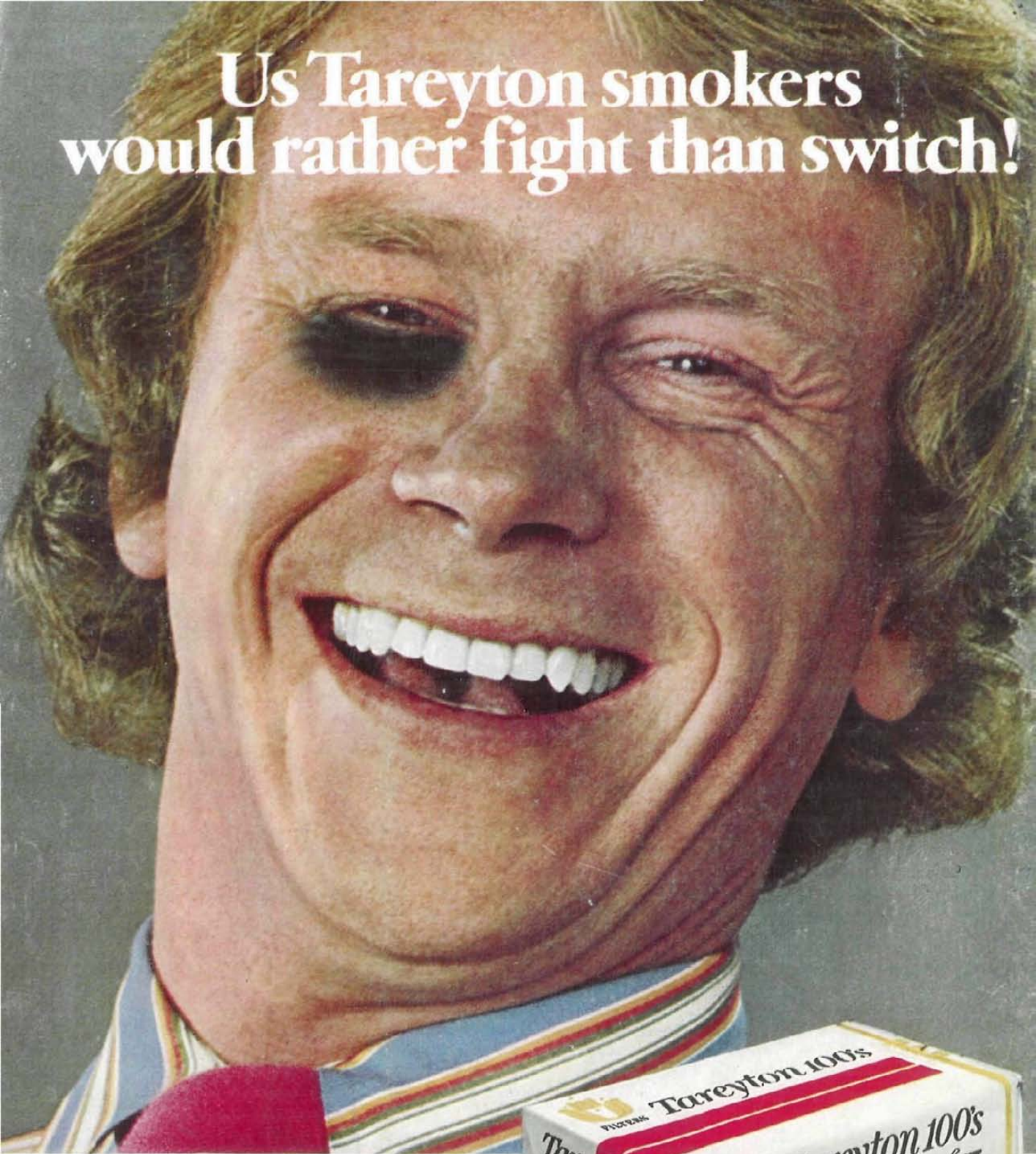
And the pride that a family hands down from generation to generation.

This is why Serralles Don Q Gold has to be as good as we can possibly make it. Because when it comes out of the barrel, we put it into bottles.

And then we put our name on it.



Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!



Tareyton is better/Charcoal is why

Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white filter can match.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine;
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

Join the unswitchables.